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SIR CHARLES WARREN, K.C.M.G., THE NEW CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.





The first "classic" race of the season is over; the Two Thousand was lost and won on Wednesday last. It was one of the most interesting anniversaries ever known; so difficult did it seem to decide between the claims of Ormonde and Minting, both hitherto unbeaten, the former three times, the latter five, and Saraband, twice beaten indeed out of eight ventures, but not by so much as a length both together, and "tried," they say, by the experienced Mr. Peck to be one of the two best two-year-olds (Bend Or was the other) he, who had The Bard in the same stable, ever put to the test. And for once the difficulty in choosing was quite justified, for two out of the three mentioned, Ormonde and Minting, were first and second, as they ought to have been.

Volunteers have proved, at different moments of peril, an impressive addition to the power of England. Between the years 1798 and 1804, when invasion from France was imminent, the force numbered more than 400,000. To the year 1859 belongs the origination of our present body of riflemen: a body that has grown in numbers and steadily increased in efficiency in spite of obstacles which might well have daunted men less resolute. And they have their reward, for no one can doubt that the Volunteers whose manoeuvres have this week been attracting the attention and admiration of their countrymen would form a wall of fire around England in case of an invasion. The total number of efficient Volunteers is about 202,000, and the spirit that prompts these men is the same spirit that has secured English freedom during many a dangerous crisis in the years gone by. We cannot honour our Volunteers too highly; but we should be unjust to them and to the country if we supposed that in consequence of their help we can afford to lessen our Regular Army. The scientific precision and complexity of modern warfare demands a wider military training than civilians can receive. As a supplemental arm of defence they are invaluable; but, in the hour of danger, it is only by conjunction with and serving under the Army that their experience would be effective.

The *Times*, in a law report last week, makes Baron Huddleston say that "a Judge could not be removed from the seat which he held, except by the joint petition of the Lords and Commons and the consent of the Queen. That was a principle established in 1668, and was really the foundation of the liberty of the public." Every Englishman ought, of course, to know that Baron Huddleston really said, the principle was established in 1668; but one is inclined to wonder, since the compositor did not observe the error, how many readers of the *Times* did. A study, by-the-way, of constitutional history at the present time might be of service to politicians of both parties; but, unfortunately, ancient history is voted a bore, and we know that all history is ancient when more than five or six years old.

Three noble instances of heroism have been just recorded that deserve to be remembered. When the Oregon was sinking, and the crew were rushing to the boats, on the call of "Women first!" a lady stepped forth, and said she was in no hurry, making the men ashamed of themselves, and so, in all likelihood, preventing a panic. In December last, during a terrible storm, and at a great risk of life, the crew of the Liverpool steamer Lord Gough saved the crew of the Cleopatra, an American ship. At the supreme moment, when a boat was manned for this purpose, Captain Pendleton, of the Cleopatra, suddenly hauled down his signal of distress. "We had no boats," he said, afterwards, "and thought it wrong to imperil other lives in a hopeless attempt." These simple words need little comment. Let the reader place himself in the position of Captain Pendleton and his crew, and he will realise the self-sacrificing spirit that prompted such an act. The third example of heroic conduct occurred last Saturday in Canada. One thousand convicts in a prison near Montreal revolted, overpowered the guards, and bound the warden, Mr. Laviolette. Having seized crowbars, they proceeded to batter down the gates. Nine guards on the walls armed with rifles threatened to fire on the convicts, but they continued to advance, placing Laviolette before them as a target. "Never mind me men! Fire away! Do your duty!" he cried; and, when the guards hesitated, repeated the command. A desperate fight followed, which lasted two hours. The felons were subdued at last, but not before Laviolette had received four bullets. It is thought that he will die, and, if so, such a death is one to call for congratulation, rather than for pity.

On Good Friday a singular mistake seems to have been made. A number of people appear to have thronged into Hawarden parish church under the impression that it was Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. They had gone into the sacred edifice to have a good look at Mr. Gladstone, who had not gone thither for a similar purpose or to promote any such purpose; and, unlike the rhymer's penitents, who "went to mock," they did not remain to pray, apparently, but, if they remained at all, to gratify their curiosity. What they actually did, when they were requested by one of the curates to do something, is made doubtful by the report, which says that they were desired "to find seats or retire," adding, "this they did," without specifying which course they adopted. Whichever they chose, however, they made a pious rush, at the end of the service, at the door by which the Premier went out, saluted him respectfully, and no doubt derived as much religious consolation from the function as the old lady from "that blessed word, Mesopotamia."

Insane prices, as everybody must remember, were paid for tulips in the old times of tulip mania; and a like craze was thought to have set in during these latter days among orchid-fanciers. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn, on the authority of a gentleman who ought to know, that he did not give "more than £672" for a Phalanopsis; in fact, he never gave more than £32 for three plants of that description together, which is about ten guineas apiece. The largest sum ever given, to his knowledge, for an orchid was £250, which is about as much as the salary (for one year) of several gardeners to look after it. Some of the loveliest orchids (and they are all lovely) in the world, one would think, may be seen and enjoyed (for nothing) at our glorious Kew Gardens; and a thousand pounds to a penny they did not cost anything like £672, or £250, or even ten guineas apiece.

According to M. Edouard Drumont, author of "La France Juive," the Jews are far more the masters of Paris than ever the Crusaders were of Jerusalem, but in a quieter way, and, what is still more painful to him as a Christian and a Frenchman, Jews are admitted to social equality and even to intermarriage with not only French citizens but French aristocrats; whereas there ought to be no more dealing between Jews and Frenchmen (unless the latter should want "temporary accommodation") than there used to be between the Jews and the Samaritans. The Jews resident in France, or some of them, have naturally taken umbrage at M. Drumont's remarks, and have shown how Christianised, or Frenchified—or, at any rate, denationalised—they have become, by having recourse to the duel, which is not a Hebrew custom, and not only "called out," but "pinked" him. He is said to have so many challenges on his hands that, even if he were a Briareus, and had not his hurts to attend to between whiles, he might well wish that not only "ten tribes" had been "lost," but more to the back of them. If M. Drumont has so low an opinion of Jews, why did he not also have the courage of his opinion, and refuse to fight them? That used to be the way in which a gentleman would avoid an encounter with a social inferior.

Something new is always cropping up about the nightingale. A Christopher Columbus has discovered that it is heard, quite early in the spring, too, in various counties of England, and mentions them, but omits Essex. Then writes an indignant champion to vindicate the claims of Essex, which "is noted for the early visits of the nightingale." What would be more surprising would be to learn that there is any English county in which the melodious bird is not a visitor "from April until the end of June." Will not an avenger of Middlesex arise and claim the earliest nightingale for Highgate? Surely there was an early nightingale there some thirty years ago; but maybe it is dead, or peradventure it has "fitted."

The latest volume of "The Badminton Library" deals with "racing and steeplechasing," and contains numerous interesting illustrations. "Racing" is done by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire and Mr. W. G. Craven (with a contribution by the Hon. F. Lawley); "steeplechasing," by Messrs. Arthur Coventry and Alfred E. T. Watson. The publishers, of course, are Messrs. Longman. It is seldom, indeed, that subjects for treatment are committed to hands so eminently competent for the task; it is certainly a case of round men in round holes; or, as "squareness" on the turf is considered to be generally conspicuous by absence, it were more significant, perhaps, to say, that it is a case of "square" men in "square" holes. Lord Suffolk comes of a family that raced with Charles II., and knows the turf as his alphabet; and if anybody were to deny that Mr. A. Coventry is about the best exponent one could have of steeplechasing, the denial could only arise from a doubt whether he is not even more excellent on the flat. As for Messrs. W. G. Craven and Alfred Watson, the former is well known as a most energetic member of the Jockey Club, and the latter as a practised writer as well as sportsman. What is so marvellous is the enormous amount of information collected together in comparatively few pages, the usefulness being promoted by the addition of an index.

The catastrophe at Battersea, whereby a number of people belonging to a boating party lost their lives, will probably bring forcibly before the public the suggestion by the Thames Conservancy Board that all small boats must be numbered, and licensed to carry so many occupants and no more. This proposed regulation does not meet with the approbation of rowing men, who, while admitting that those who seek pleasure in cockle-shells on the river must be protected from racing-eights and steam-launches, fail to find in the innovation any protection for the inexperienced oarsman from the most dangerous of all his enemies—himself. And the number which a small row-boat can safely hold depends more on the knowledge of those who guide it than on those who occupy it as passengers. As, for instance, a pleasure-boat in which eight of the London Rowing Club members could, with perfect safety, either stand up or sit down would possibly prove fatal to half the number of holiday-makers who do not understand the balancing of small craft. There is a great deal in knowing how to "sit" and "trim" a boat; and so, the suggestion for limiting the numbers allowed in one would be an inconvenience to the initiated, and no prohibition to the uninitiated. Though, therefore, we must all deplore the sad disaster at Battersea, it will be as well if the Thames Conservancy Board are not led away by the universal sympathy expressed into prematurely passing a law which must fail in its purpose.

We recently drew attention to the use of steel pens in France at a late period of the seventeenth century. The obliging communication of a correspondent enables us to add that the invention is attributed to the abbey of Port Royal, whose schools for children existed from 1643 to 1660. The innovation, therefore, was probably made somewhere between these dates.

People who carelessly visit the theatres, and, after yawning or being interested, as the case may be, go home and pass idle opinions on what they have seen, little imagine the vast labour, the trials, the troubles, and the energy lavished by the performers on their work before it is fashioned into a condition fit for public view. An example—most likely unique—of loyalty to the profession, and of devotion to a charitable cause, is set by M. Febvre, of Paris, and Mrs. Langtry, of the Prince's Theatre, London. For the benefit of the funds of the French Hospital an entertainment is being organised at this latter playhouse, and it was decided that these two artists should perform a short play in the French language. But how was it to be rehearsed? M. Febvre is fulfilling a nightly engagement at the Comédie Française, while Mrs. Langtry is delighting audiences in Coventry-street in "Enemies" and "The Lady of Lyons." It seemed clear that in neither case could "Hamlet" be performed without the Dane. Notwithstanding that Sunday is the actor's only evening of rest, these artists hit upon a plan which, if it deprive them of their recreation, is nevertheless—considering that their object is not a personal one, but to collect money for foreign invalids in England—worthy of the highest commendation. It is settled that they meet on Sundays at Boulogne, where they can rehearse; an arrangement which entails something like nine hours' travelling on each of them, and this for a short play which will last only forty minutes! A good substantial contribution to the funds of the hospital as the result of the forthcoming matinée will be a suitable and complimentary reward to M. Febvre and his fair collaborator.

Last year sixty young unmarried ladies, taking upon themselves the position of hostesses, subscribed five pounds each and gave a ball in London. It was called "The Rose Ball," all the damsels who participated in organising the function bedecking themselves to some extent in that favourite flower. This year the experiment is to be repeated, but the representative flower selected is to be honeysuckle. There is something pretty in the idea; but the young ladies must suffer from the change in their horticultural designs. Roses are essentially becoming to all sorts of gowns; various complexions can choose the tints of the blooms, from the palest yellow to the blackest red. But honeysuckle, though fragrant, is not so universally decorative; and many a blonde will sigh for her pink roses of last year; while the brunettes will be equally disappointed, deprived of the damask blossoms.

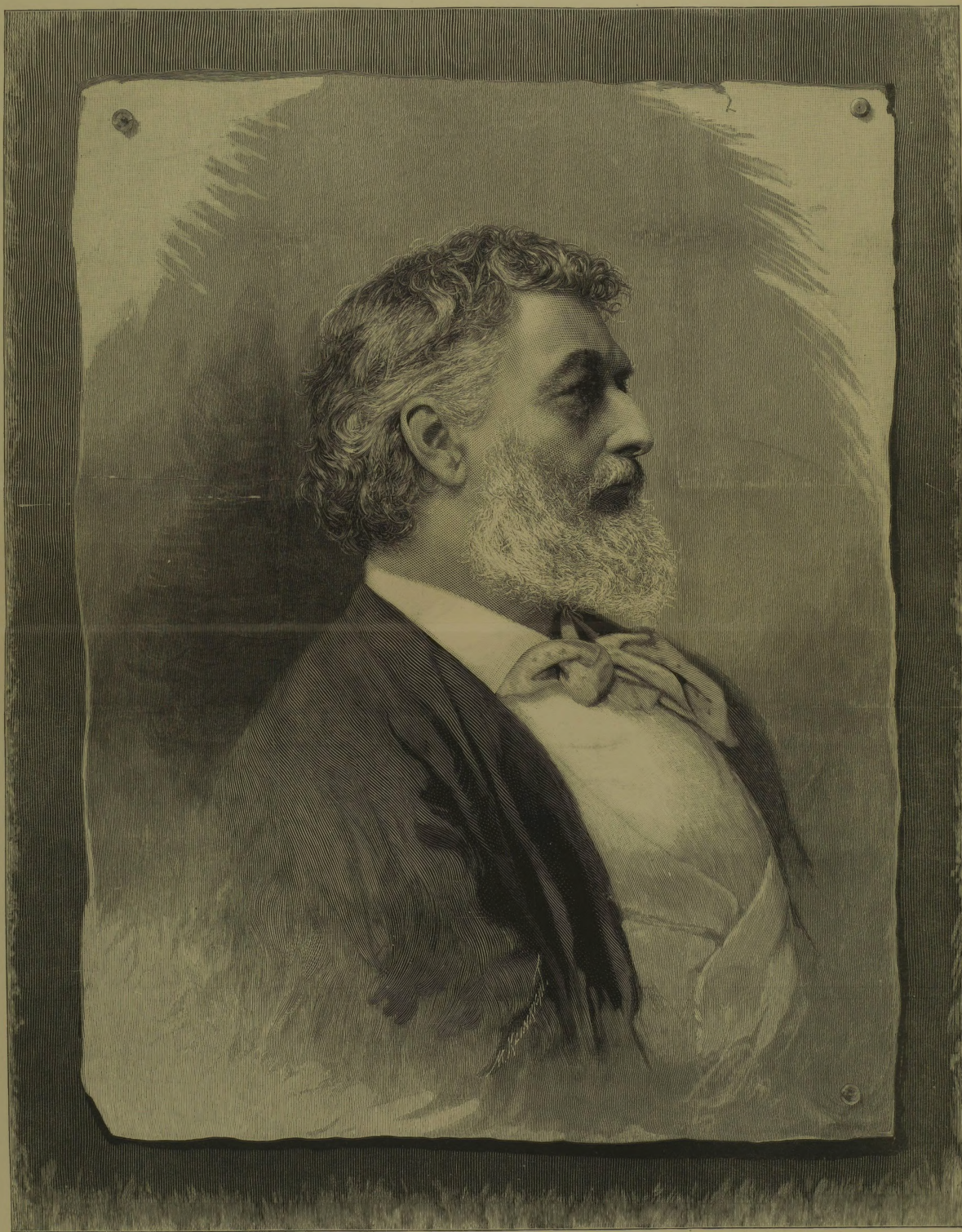
At the time when photography was introduced, a comic paper produced a picture of a British matron who, sitting for her portrait for the first time, was terrified lest the lens, which to her inexperienced eye looked like a gun-barrel, "would go off." And the idea has caused laughter over and over again exemplified on the burlesque stage. The inhabitants of the remote village of Vera do not read English comic papers, and, naturally enough, are not conversant with the business of our burlesques; nor, does it seem, has photography yet become popular in that Spanish location. Accordingly, when three Englishmen travelling with their camera, a few weeks ago, desired to bring away some pictures of scenery and people, they were arrested by the military, who thought the village was being bombarded. And it was not until an accurate likeness of himself, free of all charge, was presented to the officer in command, that those who looked to him for protection could be persuaded that the intentions of the amateur photographers were other than sinister and warlike.

Some people are very fond of collecting relics. Articles which belonged to historical personages, or to giants of literature, science, and art, are naturally esteemed by those who admire their works as great treasures. Big prices are frequently paid for things intrinsically valueless but sentimentally priceless. In Italian, French, and Belgian places of worship this adoration of relics is carried to such an extent that grave doubts may well be entertained as to the genuineness of many things supposed to be genuine, and Mark Twain, the American humourist, in "The Innocents Abroad" satirises the craze in his keenest vein. Germany would suit him. There appears to be no sentiment of the sort amongst the bric-à-brac hunters of Berlin. Only last week a locket containing a lock of Schiller's hair was submitted to auction, and it realised the magnificent sum of eighteen shillings; and Goethe's signet ring at the same time fetched two pounds ten shillings, both these prices being the actual value of the gold!

Miss Greece's (gun) carriage still stops the way. She has got herself into an inextricable mess, and appears to think that it is the duty of the Great Powers to see her safe out of the scrape which they considerably warned her against. So it always is with spoilt children: they wilfully do what they are told not to do, and then expect their nurses to make things right for them. And Russia is Greece's nurse. "Do speak to that naughty Turk," says Miss Greece: "it is all his fault for teasing me so."

The last report of the Royal Commission on accidents in mines shows pretty clearly that the Davy safety-lamp is now but small protection to miners. The workings are carried on at depths and under conditions wholly different from those which existed when Sir Humphry Davy invented his protected light. Numerous attempts have been made to improve upon his discovery, but with only partial success, and it would seem that the substitution of mineral for vegetable oil has increased the danger, whilst providing more light. The Denayrouze lamp, which some years ago attracted considerable attention in this country and abroad, seems only applicable in extreme cases, when, after an explosion or for other reasons, it is necessary to penetrate dangerous workings. The miner in this case carried with him a supply of pure air for himself and for his lamp, but the apparatus was found too cumbersome to permit free action to the every-day worker. Science, however, can scarcely have pronounced its last words, and we may yet hope for a real safety-lamp.





MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KINGSBURY AND NOBLETT, 45, ST. GEORGE'S-PLACE, S.W.

SIR F. LEIGHTON, BART.,  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The generally high level of the less-known artists and the comparative absence or absolute insignificance of the Academicians' work are the distinguishing marks of the 118th Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. The motto chosen for the year carries with it, moreover, more unconscious satire on the subjects chosen for delineation than a good-natured or modest critic might have dared to hint. But since we have the permission of the council, we are bound to admit that amongst the nineteen hundred exhibited works there are scores of—

Things we have passed,  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.

In justice, however, to English art, it must be allowed that on the present occasion we have a few—but, still, a very few—instances of imaginative work and of original thought.

Foremost amongst the works of the year stands the President's "Decoration for a Ceiling" (164), designed for the music-room of an American millionaire. The centre of the group is occupied by the Muse Mnemosyne, seated in purple and brown vestment, falling gracefully from her shoulders; on one side of her is Melpomene, dressed in blue, with down-cast face; and on the other, Thalia, in red, with face upturned—an exquisitely graceful figure. The outer panels are occupied by ideal treatment of the other Muses—their mythological attributes being made subordinate to the artistic requirements of the picture. From Sir F. Leighton the only other picture is the study of the face of a child—"Gulnihal" (354), who seems to reappear in his bronze statuette, "Needless Alarms" (1922), a young girl in presence of a toad, from which she is shrinking away in terror. The figure is wanting in both body and strength, and it is rather by his large figure, "The Sluggard" (1921), that Sir F. Leighton will claim to be judged. Despite its subtle and more imaginative qualities, the "Sluggard," we think, will find less favour with the public than his "Python-Slayer" of a few years ago. There is, however, in the limp limb and half-awakened effect of the sluggard a reality which is as striking as were the strained muscles and vigorous anxiety of the gladiator; and it is not difficult to see that Sir F. Leighton had in the modelling of his present figure much less to guide and inspire him than when dealing with the activity and force which mark so many well-known classical models. Sir John Millais is represented by a single work, the portrait of his fellow-Academician, Mr. T. Barlow (190), the engraver, who occupied the central place in the larger picture, "The Ruling Passion," exhibited last year. To say that the present portrait is anything but a masterpiece of execution, in the way which Sir John Millais appreciates his art, would be untrue; but one looks in vain for something behind the seams and the wrinkles which age has written to convey a hint of that talent which has distinguished Mr. Barlow above all his contemporaries as an engraver. Among the well-known names for which we search in vain in the catalogue, and whose absence the public will regret, we should mention especially Mr. H. Herkomer, Mr. E. J. Gregory, and Mr. L. Stock. On the other hand, Academicians with whose work the public has been long since sated continue to show themselves on the walls of Burlington House, constant, immovable, and always abounding. It is of course easy to understand, from a merely business point (for vanity is a marketable commodity), that the portrait-painter who can ensure his sitter ninety days publicity will always attract a larger number of orders than fall to the lot of artists who have not the same facilities at their command. But one has also a right to ask whether, whatever may have been the original intention of the Royal Academy, it is consulting its own dignity, and the interests of the art it is supposed to foster and protect, by lending itself to give an enhanced value to the works of its members. We have no reason to find fault with the skill or with the assiduity of Mr. Frank Holl or Mr. W. W. Oulless: their work is always conscientious, and the latter's is often remarkable; but we must express our regret that both these gentlemen should consider it their duty to occupy so much valuable space. If from the former we had "Lord Carrington" (203) and "The Duke of Cleveland" (210), and from the latter "E. Armitage, R.A." (267) and "The Archbishop of York" (386), this year's Academy Exhibition would give sufficient evidence that two of our most accomplished portrait painters have not lost their deftness or their popularity. But if the pressing requirements of those whose portraits are hung round the rooms in such lavish profusion are to be accepted as a reason for the undue prominence accorded to Academicians who devote themselves to the most lucrative branch of their art, the same excuse can scarcely be alleged for the space devoted to the display of Mr. Herbert's eight works. Elected a full Academician in 1846, Mr. Herbert's work is only interesting as showing the change which has come over English art in the interval which separates his election from that of Mr. Burne Jones, whose associateship dates from last year. His present work, "The Depths of the Sea" (314), the first which has been seen at Burlington House, is, without doubt, the most striking contribution to English art in the present exhibition, but whether it will attract popular attention to the extent accorded to Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," "Railway Station," and other pictorial illustrations of every-day life is another question, upon which it is unnecessary to enter. On a future occasion we shall speak more in detail of Mr. Burne Jones' remarkable work; contenting ourselves with saying at present that, for imaginative power, richness of colouring, and skill in composition, it does not fall short of any of the artist's previous work, and vindicates fully the vote of those members of the Royal Academy who insisted upon his election last year.

For the moment, we must turn to a more general survey of the rooms. Amongst the pictures of the year, Mr. Orchardson's "After" (136) occupies a distinguished place. It is the second, but probably not the last, scene of the "Mariage de Convenience," of which the opening was sketched so masterfully a couple of years back. The only occupant of the dining-room is the worn-out old beau, who had taken the young girl to brighten his later life. The lady's face, in the first picture, augured ill for the long maintenance of domestic peace: of happiness there was no hopeful augury on either side. The lady has now gone, and the table is laid for one; and what little dignity in bereavement a better man might have displayed is altogether absent from the limp and weary figure whom we see here stretched before the fire. As a work of art, this picture shows even higher finish and more subtle power than the "Mariage de Convenience." Mr. Orchardson's colours are, moreover, losing much of that "sour unripeness" which formerly marred the effect of some of his most effective compositions. Here the tones are ripe and warm, and the contrast between the steady light of the lamp and the flickering flame of the fire is represented with admirable effect. Mr. Orchardson is represented by another work, "A Tender Chord" (196), which gives to the spectator a very different sort of pleasure. It is the single figure of a young girl, in Empire costume, standing beside an open piano. The pose is one which the artist has rendered

almost conventional, and the colouring displays his merits and his defects in an equal degree.

In concluding this preliminary notice we should remark that the portraits are quite the strongest feature of the present exhibition. In addition to those already named, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Sargeant, and M. Fantin, among the better known, send very admirable specimens of their work; and among the recruits we may mention Mr. Knighton Warren, Mr. L. Callini, and Mr. S. Solomon, all of whom are represented by pictures which are marked by something of real artistic insight.

In sea-pieces, Messrs. Hook, Brett, and H. Moore contribute works which will maintain their reputation with the public; whilst among the painters of landscapes, Mr. R. Farquharson, Mr. R. Macbeth, Mr. A. Parsons, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Percy Belgrave, Mr. C. H. Macartney, Mr. Picknell, and the two Messrs. Wyllie, all show a very distinct advance upon the work of former years, and contribute pictures which raise the level of the present year above the average of many of its predecessors.

## SIR F. LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

The accomplished President of the Royal Academy of Arts personally enjoys high esteem in society, as well as considerable reputation for his works as an artist. He was born at Scarborough, in 1830, being the son of Dr. Septimus Leighton, M.D., of that place. He was educated partly in Germany and Italy, studying art first under the instruction of a painter named Filippo Meli, at Rome, afterwards at the Berlin Academy, at Florence, at Brussels, at Frankfurt, at Paris, and (under Professor E. Steinle, of Vienna) thereby gained a complete acquaintance with the principles and methods of every contemporary school of art in Europe. His first finished picture, representing Cimabue finding the youthful Giotto among his sheep in the fields, was painted while at Brussels, in 1849. Florentine history, and the biography of Florentine artists, for some time furnished subjects congenial to his mind; the "Death of Brunelleschi," and the large picture of Cimabue, with his scholars and friends, going in procession to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, belonged to this period. The last-named work, exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, in 1855, and at the Manchester Exhibition of 1858 and the International Exhibition of 1862, gained Mr. Leighton no small renown. It was purchased by the Queen. The artist was at that time residing in Paris, where he spent three or four years, but finally settled in London, and became a regular contributor to the annual English exhibition. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1864, and a full Member in 1869. His pictures there exhibited during the past thirty years have been very numerous, and have always excited interest; some of them are representations of classical Greek subjects, others of Hebrew and Eastern figures, or episodes of Old Testament history; but scenes and stories of romance have supplied the greater part. In 1878 he was elected President of the Royal Academy in succession to Sir Francis Grant, and the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; but he has recently been elevated to the rank of Baronet.

## THE EASTER MANŒUVRES.

The various detachments of Volunteers on the march and under canvas did good work on Saturday last.—Those marching on Portsmouth, under Colonel Methuen's command, had an engagement with the force under Colonel Festing. The advancing force was numerically stronger than the defenders, who, however, had the advantage of a body of Marine Artillery. The scene of the fight was Portsdown Hill, and the encounter resulted in the defeat of Colonel Festing's force, which retired to Portsmouth.—"The Battle of Lydden," which formed a prominent part in the Volunteer manœuvres near Dover, took place in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley, who arrived upon the scene as the defending force from Dover and the marching column from Canterbury, under Colonels Moncrieff and Routledge, were hotly engaged in the mimic warfare. The Volunteers on each side were reinforced by cavalry and artillery. The advancing column was much stronger in numbers than the force sent from Dover to check the movement, both of whose flanks were turned, and the road thus left free for the investment of the fortress by the invaders. After the battle the troops marched past the Commander-in-Chief.

Magnificent weather again favoured the military manœuvres of the Volunteer forces on Easter Monday.—A successful sham fight occurred at St. Radigund, about three miles from Dover. The attacking party, commanded by General Cooper, had somewhat the best of the encounter, owing to their superior numbers. The battle terminated at one o'clock, and was followed by a march-past at Elms Vale, a point nearer Dover, in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, and the head-quarters staff. In the evening a General Order was issued by the Commander-in-Chief, congratulating the Volunteers on the satisfactory manner in which their movements were carried out.—An excellent battle was fought on Chilton Downs, twelve miles north of Portsmouth, by the garrison force, under Colonel Sir Francis Festing, with an attacking force, commanded by Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen. The manœuvring was highly instructive, and terminated in Colonel Sir F. Festing rolling back the invaders on their main body, supposed to be somewhere about Petersfield.—Some of the Eastern Counties Volunteers had a field day under Sir Evelyn Wood in the neighbourhood of Colchester. The ground was limited, for operations by so many as three thousand six hundred men; nevertheless an interesting illustration of warfare was afforded to the men. The defenders secured the victory by a brilliant dash of their cavalry. The proceedings closed with a march past.—On the slopes of the downs north-west of Folkestone an engagement took place between two bodies of Volunteers, one of which was supposed to have landed on the coast during the night and seized Sandgate and Hythe, with the view of pushing on to Dover. Another force attacked them in the forenoon, and at the termination of the mimic fight the umpires decided in favour of the defending party.—The Royal Berkshire Volunteers had a field-day at Bearwood, Wokingham, the seat of Mr. Walter. The regiment was divided into an attacking and a defending force, under the respective commands of Major Holmes, of Windsor, and Captain James Simonds, who appeared in public for the first time, presented a very smart appearance. The weather was delightfully fine.—Volunteer manœuvres were also well conducted round Caesar's Camp, near Shorncliffe, under the command of Sir Baker Russell.—The 11th Middlesex was inspected at Aldershot by Major-General the Hon. W. Feilding, commanding the brigade in North Camp. The regiment was put through a variety of movements.—The Kent Artillery returned to their homes on Monday evening from the Garrison Fort at Sheerness, of which they had charge since the 20th inst.

The last of this year's Easter manœuvres was a sham fight at Aldershot on Tuesday, in which the 11th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers took part, along with the regular troops stationed at the camp. This Volunteer battalion acquitted itself very well, both in the manœuvres and in the march past.

## THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

Major-General Sir Charles Warren, K.C.M.G., who has been appointed to the command of the Metropolitan Police Force, is a distinguished officer, who has seen a great deal of service in various parts of the world. He is forty-six years of age, having been born at Bangor, North Wales, on Feb. 7, 1840, son of the late Major-General Sir Charles Warren, K.C.B. He was educated at Cheltenham College, Sandhurst, and at the Royal Military Academy. Having passed through the Royal Military College, Woolwich, he entered the Royal Engineers in the year 1857. Lieutenant Warren, R.E., during leave of absence, joined the surveying staff of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and performed good service in the Holy Land, Syria, and Arabia, to the advancement of topographical and antiquarian knowledge connected with sacred history. The results are to be found in the accurate maps, and several volumes of reports and records, published by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. In the meantime, he rose in the military profession, and obtained his colonelcy in 1882. In 1876 he was appointed as her Majesty's Special Commissioner to settle the boundary line of the Orange Free State and Griqualand West. He served during the suppression of the Kaffir outbreak in 1877-8, with the local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, in command of the Diamond Fields Horse, and took part in several actions. He commanded part of the Griqualand West Field force in the Griqua rising in 1878-9, including several engagements and skirmishes with the natives. In respect of these services, he was several times honourably mentioned in official despatches, being commended by the Governor for "energy, ability, and resource displayed under most trying circumstances." He also served in command of an expedition into Arabia Petraea, dispatched during the Egyptian war of 1882 for the purpose of bringing to justice the murderers of Professor Palmer and his party, and in recognition of his services on that occasion was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In 1884 Sir Charles was appointed Special Commissioner for Bechuanaland, and his singularly able discharge of the responsible duty which then devolved upon him was most cordially recognised on all hands. A short time ago Sir Charles was appointed to the command of the troops at Souakim, on the Red Sea coast of the Soudan. Sir Charles Warren married, in 1864, Fanny Margaretta, daughter of Mr. Samuel Haydon, of Guildford.

## OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

The Easter vacation brought no rest to one of her Majesty's Ministers. Foreign affairs engrossed the attention of the Earl of Rosebery so much that the diligent Foreign Secretary daily attended the Foreign Office till Greece ceased from troubling. The noble Earl had his reward. Albeit the pugilistic M. Delyannis adroitly yielded at the eleventh hour to the pacific advice of M. De Freycinet, conveyed through the sympathetic medium of the Count De Mouy, the diplomatic triumph legitimately belonged to Lord Rosebery. It was as though M. Delyannis, like the fabled opossum, recognising at length in Lord Rosebery an unerring marksman, exclaimed, "Don't fire! I'll come down!"

Whilst Earl Granville has been acquiring practical acquaintance of the smooth working of Home Rule in the Channel Islands, thousands of Lancashire and Yorkshire excursionists in a manner testified approval of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland by cheering the Premier vociferously on Saturday and Monday last when he drove through Hawarden Park with Mrs. Gladstone. The Prime Minister himself has not broken silence: he wisely keeps his powder dry for the Tenth of May, when the Marquis of Hartington or Mr. Brand may move the rejection of the measure for bestowing local self-government on Ireland. Golden silence has also been preserved at Hatfield by the Marquis of Salisbury, who has left to other Conservative leaders the task of denouncing the Ministerial bills from popular platforms. But the great difficulty of Opposition speakers has been to reconcile last year's flirtation with the Home Rule party of Mr. Parnell with unqualified denunciation of Home Rule now.

Earl Spencer and Mr. John Morley, leading off the Recess oratory on behalf of Ministers, stoutly defended the principles of Mr. Gladstone's bills before a cordially sympathetic public meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on April 21. Earl Spencer, than whom no statesman is better qualified to judge as to the needs of the island of which he has been for two arduous periods Lord Lieutenant, displayed so much earnestness and oratorical ability in advocating the measures of conciliation that it is a matter of wonder he has not come to the front more as a platform speaker. Stanchly clinging to his well-known opinions, Mr. John Morley resolutely maintained "that the extension of self-government in Ireland is certain, is necessary, is urgent, and is inevitable." Similarly explicit language was used the following evening by Mr. Henry Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. H. W. Lawson, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, and others, in addressing a large Radical meeting in St. James's Hall, London.

The Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain remain the most prominent opponents, respectively, of the Home Rule Bill and the Land Purchase scheme. The same evening that Earl Spencer and Mr. John Morley justified the Government measures, Mr. Chamberlain exerted all his ingenuity and powers of argument to prove to the Birmingham Two Thousand in their Townhall that the Dublin Parliament project was full of anomalies and inconsistencies of the most glaring kind. But the foremost secessionist from the Cabinet emphatically said "My opposition is only conditional." If "the representation of Ireland at Westminster" be allowed to remain as it is, and if a separate chamber be conceded to Ulster, the "long list of restrictions, and safeguards, and minority representations, and electoral devices" proposed by the Premier would not be necessary, in the opinion of Mr. Chamberlain, who would, provided these drastic changes be effected, withdraw his opposition to the measure. But of the Land Bill, Mr. Chamberlain would be an implacable adversary. It would need not the reduced estimate of fifty millions, but every penny of £150,000,000, to carry the gigantic purchase plan into effect; and he was not prepared to pledge British credit to that amount for such a purpose. Indeed, it has since been announced in an inspired Birmingham paper that Mr. Chamberlain will move the rejection of the Irish Land Bill when it comes forward for second reading.

The Marquis of Hartington, on his side, did not on Easter Monday deny the soft impeachment that he intends to formally move the rejection of the Home Rule Bill. His Lordship was put upon his defence by his Rawtenstall constituents, but courageously nailed his colours to the mast, and fought the bill tooth and nail. Letters were read from the Earl of Derby and Mr. John Bright approving the attitude adopted by Lord Hartington, who met with many interruptions, however, from the meeting, which passed a resolution thanking his Lordship for his address, but hoping "that, as the result of the full consideration which is being given to the Irish question, both in and out of Parliament, such measures will be passed as will tend to the peace and prosperity of Ireland and Great Britain."





THE LATE GENERAL SIR TREVOR CHUTE, K.C.B.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR H. D. WHITE, K.C.B.

## BURNING OF A TOWN IN GALICIA.

The town of Stry, near Lemberg, in the province of Galicia or Austrian Poland, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 17th ult. The fire is said to have been caused by a man who was singeing the carcase of a pig overturning a jar of petroleum oil. It spread quickly to every street in the town, destroying 643 houses; the total loss of goods in shops and of household furniture and chattels amounts to two million florins, while the value of the houses destroyed is set down at two millions and a half, of which half a million is covered by insurance. Altogether, including public buildings, the loss is estimated at seven millions of florins. The steeple of the Catholic church fell and killed many persons. The railway station, telegraph office, schools, townhall, military store department, courts of justice, and the registry office of landed

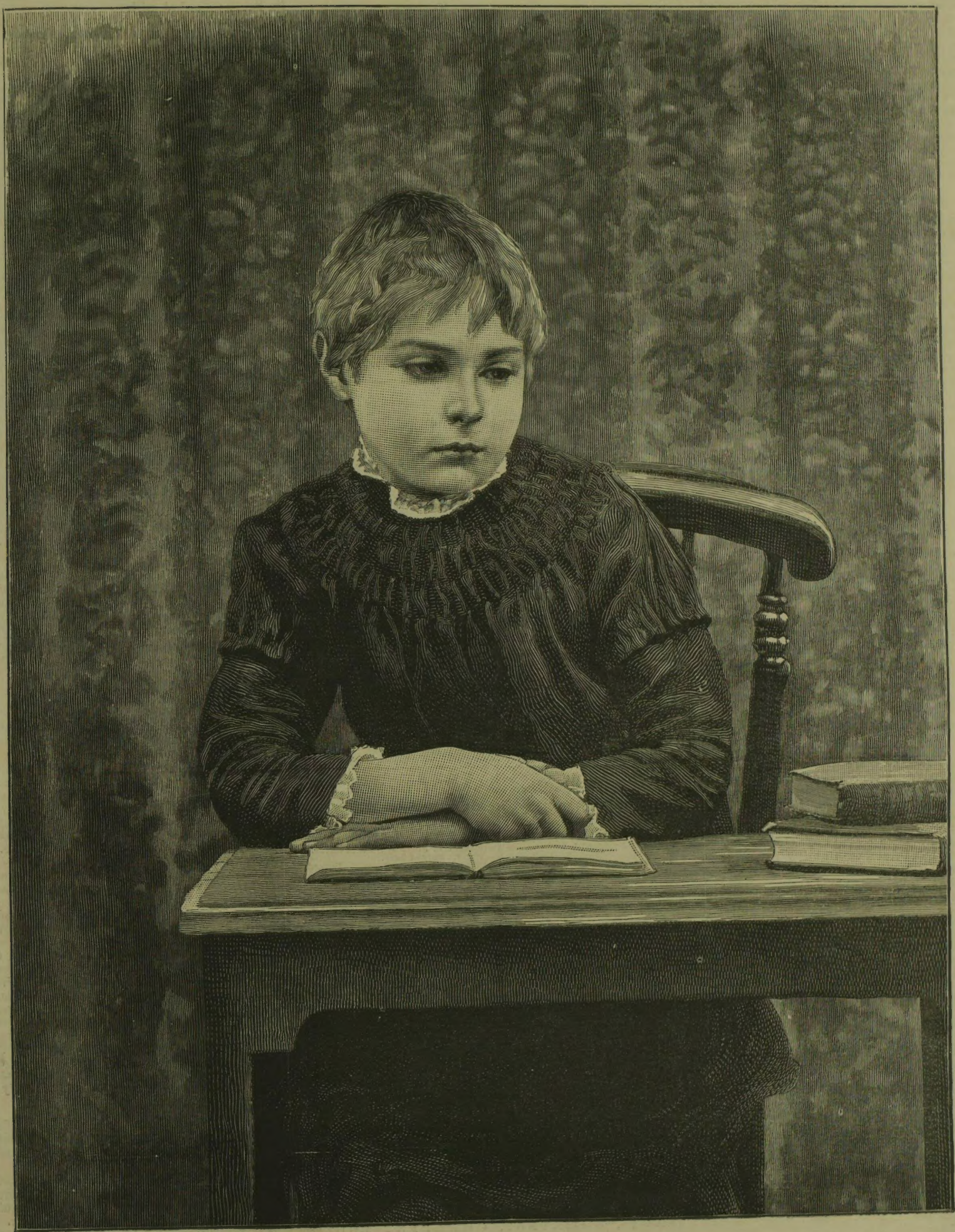
property were burnt to ashes, the documents being destroyed. During the height of the fire the prisons had to be opened, although not until fourteen of the unfortunate inmates had been burnt to death. To add to the horror of the scene, a number of peasants from the surrounding neighbourhood, who had been attracted by the fire, profited by the occasion to rob and commit other acts of violence. In many cases the inhabitants, who were struggling desperately to save some of their property, had vigorous hand-to-hand conflicts with these inhuman scoundrels. They forced their way into a wine cellar, and while the flames were burning overhead they opened all the casks, and committed orgies which nearly cost them their lives, as the fire was not long before it reached the spot where they lay intoxicated. They also attacked and ill-treated the Jews. Nearly a hundred persons were found dead in the streets, or among the ruins of the houses, and about

thirty have since died. The disaster has been aggravated by a heavy fall of snow and severe cold. Seven thousand of the inhabitants are encamped in the open air without shelter of any kind, and, in the absence of efficient means of relief, they are suffering every hardship. The outbreak of an epidemic is apprehended. The Lemberg Municipal Council have voted money for relief purposes. The city of Brünn, the Emperor of Austria, the Archduke William, and the Lemberg and Czer-nowitz Railway Company have contributed money, and Prince Johann. Schwarzenberg one thousand florins, while from Warsaw four hundred florins have been received. The public subscriptions in the Vienna and Pesth newspapers have reached four thousand florins. The worst of the suffering now seems over; but Lisko, another town in Galicia, was visited by a conflagration last Monday, and 280 houses were destroyed.



THE BURNING OF STRY, NEAR LEMBERG, IN GALICIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN SCHÖNBERG.





A HARD TASK.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. H. STEVENS.

#### "A HARD TASK."

The portrait-painter who has to make a picture of a child, especially of a little girl, may sometimes find it difficult to get the free and natural expression of the young face; the juvenile mind is so apt to be embarrassed, without purposed affectation, by the consciousness of being taken. A skilful amateur photographer, if he happens to be a judicious father, may in private home practice enjoy a certain advantage in this respect. Mr. Henry Stevens, of Addlestone, has been hitherto especially successful in the grouping and photographing of flowers, which have no minds to be troubled. He has won the medals of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, in 1882 and 1885, the silver medal of the Royal Horticultural Society of Liège, and the silver medal at the Brussels International Photographic Exhibition in 1883, and the gold medal of the Amateur Photographic Exhibition in 1885, besides other similar honours. But there is something of a different character in the subject of his photograph reproduced in our present Engraving. It is the portrait of his third daughter, Marjorie, who is just ten years old; and is worthy of notice for the absence of any deliberate artistic or photographic "posing," and by reason of the concentration of interest and motion. Many similar *genre* studies are frequently spoiled by the elaborations of the surroundings and by the evident straining after effect. Here we have a simple little girl engaged in learning her lessons. The task is hard; she would apply to it, but her thoughts run off to the garden, to the flowers, to the

birds which, by their singing, invite her to join them. She puzzles over the problem of why such nasty things as lessons were ever invented. But though now half serious for the moment, we can imagine her a joyous little girl when the time is up, and the task, done or not done, is for the nonce forgotten.

#### THE LATE SIR H. D. WHITE, K.C.B.

General Sir Henry Dalrymple White, K.C.B., Colonel of the Inniskilling Dragoons, who died a month ago, was eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir John White, K.C.B. Sir Henry White commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons through the whole of the Crimean campaign; and, from the date of the assembling of the army at Varna, to the termination of the Russian War, he was never absent from duty. He led his regiment, which was in the first line, most gallantly into action when Sir James Scarlett's Heavy Brigade defeated, at Balaclava, fully five times their number of the Russian cavalry. About the first blow struck in the action cleft Colonel White's helmet from the crest nearly to his skull; but he dashed into and through the masses of the enemy with his regiment. Colonel White's thoughts were always concentrated on the care of his men and horses; and his zealous performance of his duty, during the great hardships of the winter of 1854 laid the foundation of a lingering disease. His regiment was in the highest possible order during the period of his command. For

his services during the Crimean War he was nominated a Companion of the Bath, received the medal with three clasps, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour, received the Turkish order of the Medjidieh of the fourth class, and the Turkish medal. He subsequently commanded the cavalry in Ireland and at Aldershot. He was made a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1877. Sir Henry White was a brilliant cavalry officer, and his death will be deeply felt by the gallant corps with which he has been connected upwards of forty-eight years.

#### THE LATE SIR TREVOR CHUTE, K.C.B.

General Sir Trevor Chute, K.C.B., Colonel of the Cheshire Regiment (late 22nd Foot), who died on the 12th ult., belonged to an old Kerry family. He entered the Army in 1832; and after serving a few years in the Ceylon Rifles, joined the 70th Regiment, in which he continued till he attained the rank of Major-General. He was with his corps during the troubles of 1848 in Ireland, and, as Major, accompanied it to India in the following year. When the Mutiny broke out, the 70th were stationed at Peshawur; and Major Chute was sent in command of a flying column to Hote Murdan, where the 55th Native Infantry were in open mutiny. He saved the officers, and dispersed the mutineers with loss. Being removed, as Brigadier, to Lucknow, his knowledge of his duties and capacity for organisation, led Lord Clyde to confide to him the



formation of a series of small columns, which were dispatched to effect the settlement of the country. For these services he received the thanks of the Government of India. On the outbreak of the last New Zealand war, in 1864, Colonel Chute accompanied the 70th to that country, and, after being detached as Brigadier, to command in Australia, returned to New Zealand as successor to Sir Duncan Cameron, Major-General in command of the entire forces then stationed in our Southern Colonies. It was at this period of the war that, by following up the natives into their fastnesses, and capturing their paha in his advance, and finally, by marching through the difficult bush around Mount Egmont, he put an end to the rebellion. For this service he was made a K.C.B., a fitting reward for the close of his long and active career. The late Sir Trevor Chute was a thorough soldier, having a love for his profession, indefatigable energy, a good head, and a quick perception of circumstances and character; a chivalrous sense of honour and duty, and a detestation of jobbery and humbug, with a modest sense of his own merits. His death is regretted by many old comrades, who were honoured by his friendship, and by those whom he had commanded.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is a pity that a subject less hackneyed than that of a sane man being taken for a lunatic could not have been found for the new farce that was destined sooner or later to take the place of "The Private Secretary." If I mistake not, this motive has been the foundation of several comical scenes in various funny plays recently produced at the Vaudeville, where it is the commonest thing for young men to go into private houses and mistake the inhabitants for maniacs, and for perfectly sane gentlemen to be accosted and interviewed by mad-doctors. The story of "The Pickpocket" is simplicity itself. A dreadfully jealous husband, pressed by business, permits his pretty little wife to go down to the seaside accompanied by a maiden aunt, and is under the impression that a handsome young man is following her in order to pay her too much attention. Infuriated with the haunting suspicion, he shaves off his moustache, follows his wife, takes apartments at the hotel at which she is staying, under the name of Johnson, and determines to watch her. Unluckily for him, an elderly lunatic called Johnson is expected with his keeper, and, through the blunder of a fussy doctor, the sane but jealous husband is taken for the childish old imbecile. The young Pickpocket, who gives his name to the play, has very little to do with the unfolding of the plot. It is this youth who is unjustly suspected of destroying the happiness of the mad-demented Othello. In reality a milder Lothario never lived. He is in love with the charming niece of a crusty old hypochondriac at the hotel; he pilfers in order to please the wife of the supposed lunatic, and his vocabulary is limited to the expression "ripping" that apparently sends every young lady into raptures of devotion. A sillier young man than "The Pickpocket" never appeared in farce, and the wonder is that he should have given his name to a play that has nothing whatever to do with kleptomania, but a great deal with lunacy. It is not often that a weaker play is made out of an old but amusing complication. The difficulty of recognising the jealous husband is far more apparent than actual. Shaving off a moustache cannot possibly conceal a man's identity from his wife; and as the lunatic at the hotel is a quiet old gentleman of about eighty, it is difficult to imagine that he could be mistaken for a boisterous youth of five and twenty. The fatal mistake, however, of the selection of "The Pickpocket" is that the two best and most popular actors in the company have very little to do. Mr. Hill is, as usual, a selfish old curmudgeon, a part that he has played dozen of times in far better farces. Mr. Penley is a waiter, who can do little more than show his funny face, in order to get the laughter he has hitherto obtained by clever caricature. That a play so intrinsically weak as this is, and with so few really funny scenes in it, should have been mounted so extravagantly, must remain one of the mysteries of modern management. To have got Mr. Hill and Mr. Penley into funny positions would have been better than all the real staircases and Bartolozzi engravings in the world. In the way of fun, there is no saying what will or what will not be popular in these days. "The Private Secretary" was just as silly a play as "The Pickpocket," and it proved a little gold-mine. To forecast the future of a modern farce would be a rash act, indeed. The lunatic may possibly prove as popular as the curate. Who shall say if, in a few weeks' time, all London is not rushing to see Mr. Hill rolling about on three chairs, and being kneaded by Mr. Hawtrey? Who would be rash enough to ridicule the idea that before the season is over every youth will be saying "ripping" instead of "awfully jolly," or "don't cher know?" Mr. Penley, as the waiter, with wisp-like whiskers, glaring at Mr. Hill, who orders him about, may prove more acceptable than the curate and his goloshes. At any rate, the artistic faculty of the company has slender chance of development. Mr. Henley can only succeed by noise and physical exertion. Mr. Hill relies on his appearance for all the fun he can get out of the farce. Mr. Penley trusts in his comical face to carry him through. Mr. Hawtrey is scrupulously neat, and Miss Cissy Graham unquestionably pretty as well as clever. One and all do their best with the material given to them, and "The Pickpocket" may be pronounced as well acted a farce as has been produced for some time, though not on that account the funniest.

Sarah Bernhardt has returned to London en route for South America, and has acted "Fédora" at Her Majesty's Theatre better than ever. Apart from this, Easter has been singularly dull and uneventful to the playgoer. But there are good things in store, for is not Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Clito" to be produced this (Saturday) evening, and is not Mr. Coghlan hard at work on a new comedy for Mrs. Langtry?

Miss Cowen will give three dramatic recitals at Steinway Hall: the first next Tuesday evening, another on Tuesday afternoon, the 11th, and the third on Tuesday evening, the 18th. Each recital will conclude with a drawing-room comedieta; and Madame Osborne Williams, Miss Ellen Haas, and Mrs. Bernard Lane will be the vocalists.

Colonel Sladen will arrive in England early next month. After leaving Mandalay, he was laid up with a bad attack of fever at Rangoon, for a fortnight. He has received from Lord Dufferin a letter of thanks for his recent valuable services in Upper Burmah, and congratulations on having closed a long and distinguished career, by rendering such marked services to his country.

On Monday the annual session of the Good Templar Grand Lodge of England was opened at Newport (Monmouth), and continued throughout the week, representatives attending from every county. The reports indicate a membership of 130,000 adult and juvenile subscribing members, in 2400 lodges meeting weekly, and the satisfactory financial position of the organisation. New offices have been purchased in Birmingham, where £2000 worth of literature was sold during the year. The naval and military districts have largely increased.

### BIRTH.

On the 20th ult., at Wareham, Dorsetshire, the wife of Edward Dewing Kiltce, of a daughter.

### DEATH.

On the 1st ult., at his residence, Guelph, Canada, Colonel G. B. Hall, younger brother of Francis Hall, Esq., of Park Hall, Mansfield, Notts., aged 79 years.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**HAYMARKET.**—Lessee and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, JIM, THE PENMAN, by S. P. Charles L. Young, Bart., Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Barnaby, Mr. H. Beethoven, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Maudslayi, Mr. Rodne, Mr. Ben Greet, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. Winter, Mr. West; Miss Helen Layton, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked in advance daily, from Ten till Five. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

**MORNING PERFORMANCE of JIM, THE PENMAN,** EVERY SATURDAY, at Two. Seats can now be booked.—HAYMARKET.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. CLITO, an original Tragedy by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, will be produced THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), MAY 1. Box-office open 9.30 till Five. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Signor LAGO has the honour to announce that a SHORT SEASON of ITALIAN OPERA will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, MAY 25. Full particulars will be duly announced.

**ROYAL ALBERT HALL.**—Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL AND VOCAL MORNING CONCERT (under distinguished patronage), SATURDAY NEXT, MAY 8, at Three o'clock. Soprano, Madame Christine Nilsson and Madame Albani; Contralto, Madame Patey; Tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd; Baritone, Mr. Santley; Pianoforte, M. Vladimir de Pachmann; Orchestra, and the London Select Choir of 300 Performers. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins. Accompanist, Mr. Sidney Naylor. Boxes, £2 2s. to £4 4s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Arena, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s. and 4s.; Orchestra, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets may be had at the Royal Albert Hall, and at Austin's, St. James's Hall.—P.S.: All tickets sent on receipt of Post Office Order or stamps.

**HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM.** Painted by F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS take pleasure in announcing the Exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing upwards of 130 Portraits, painted from special sittings, of Her Majesty, the Royal Family, and Leading Members of Society, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. ON VIEW from Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of** PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, HAYMARKET (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

**JEPHTHA'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.**—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr." NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** ALL THE LEADING DAILY PAPERS of the 27th ult., and the IMMENSE AUDIENCES THAT HAVE CROWDED THE ST. JAMES'S HALL TO ITS UTMOST CAPACITY throughout the past week, UNANIMOUS IN ACCORDING THE HIGHEST PRAISE TO THE MINSTRELS' Entertainment. Prominent amid the many successful and salient features of the Holiday Programme are the new and charming Songs and Choruses, MR. G. W. MOORE'S last new and original Comic Song, "Put on the Golden Sword," The new Comic Sketches of the Three Sports, and ALFRED WEST'S marvellously funny and novel Fantomime Scene, entitled, "Quiescent Gymnastic Fun." ALTOGETHER THE VERY BEST AND THE MOST AMUSING PROGRAMME IN LONDON. EVERY NIGHT at Eight. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, Three and Eight. Tickets and Places at the Hall daily, from 9.30 a.m. till Seven.

**RED, WHITE, and BLUE BAZAAR,** ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, MAY 6 to 12.

Opening Ceremony by H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. Saturday, May 8. Sunday School Fête, Crowning of the May Queen, and Revival of Old English Sports and Pastimes. Monday, May 10.

Musical Festival, with 500 boys, and Distribution of Prizes by H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and H.S.H. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. Representations of Holyrood Palace, Carlisle Castle, Shakespeare's House, Bunyan's House, and other homes of great men, with ladies and gentlemen in costumes of various periods. Military Camp, Life-boat, Gymnasium, Steam Bakery, Model Dairy; Printing, Lithography, and other trades in operation. Band of the Scots Guards, Band of the Coldstream Guards, Band of the Royal Horse Guards. Open from Two till Nine. Admission, 1s.; Opening Ceremony, 2s. 6d.; Transferable Season Tickets, 5s. Tickets may be purchased beforehand at the Offices of the Homes for Little Boys, Bank-buildings, Ludgate-circus.

A. O. CHARLES, Secretary.

**RED, WHITE, and BLUE BAZAAR,** ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, SATURDAY, MAY 8, at Four p.m.

Crowning of the May Queen and Triumphant Procession in Floral Car drawn by Oxen, with ancient enblems of May.

The Ribbon Dance round the May-Pole by ladies in costume. The Old English Morris Dance (not seen in London for forty years), by Villagers from Shakespeare's country, with Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John, and the Holy Horse and other characters.

The whole under the direction of Mr. D'Arcy Ferris.

The Ancient May Cakes, made at the Boys' Bakery in the Hall, will be on sale. Admission, 1s. By special request, a limited number of chairs adjoining the date of the May Queen will be reserved at 10s. 6d. each. Other reserved seats at 2s. 6d. and 1s., in addition to the reserved and numbered chairs. Tickets may be obtained beforehand at the offices of the Homes for Little Boys, Bank-buildings, Ludgate-circus.

A. O. CHARLES, Secretary.

**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10am. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.**—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

CHEAP EXPRESS SERVICE WEEK-DAYS AND SUNDAYS. From Victoria, London, and London Bridge. Return Tickets for Brighton 8.10 a.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 23s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful paddle-steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time-Books, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**MONTE CARLO.**—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-86, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Companies Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-87, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season. SEA BATHING AT MONACO, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Artistes, Hôtel de la Riviera, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

The annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute has been arranged to take place in London on May 12 and two following days. The council have decided to present the Bessemer gold medal to Mr. Edmund Williams, of Middlesbrough, who was for many years connected with the Dowlais Company and Bolckow and Vaughans Company, in recognition of his services to the institute and to the iron trade generally. The programme embraces a list of fifteen papers, four of which are adjourned from the meeting held in Glasgow last autumn, while eleven are entirely new.

### MUSIC.

The excitement caused by the visit of Liszt has subsided with his departure on Tuesday week, and has been followed by a comparative lull in musical activity, which, however, is on the point of renewal. A specialty of last week was the performance of Bach's St. Matthew "Passion-Music" at St. Paul's Cathedral, with full orchestra and augmented choir, at an evening service appropriate to Holy Week and anticipatory of Good Friday. The effect of the sublime music—especially the choral movements and the Lutheran chorales—was enhanced by the solemnity of the building and of the occasion. The vocal solos were well rendered by members of the choir, and Dr. Stainer conducted with skill and judgment, Dr. Martin having presided at the organ.

Good Friday was celebrated musically in several quarters. There was a grand performance of "The Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall—conducted by Mr. Barnby; at St. James's Hall Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and "Gems from the Oratorios" were given; sacred concerts having taken place at the Crystal Palace, and the Albert Palace, Battersea Park. Eminent singers were engaged in each instance.

Mr. Ambrose Austin's national holiday festival concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Easter Monday was an attractive entertainment that drew a large audience. Many eminent artists, vocal and instrumental, contributed to a long and varied programme.

The Crystal Palace will open the summer season this (Saturday) afternoon, with a grand performance of Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption," which will be given with the same vast resources as those engaged in the triennial Handel Festivals held here, and in lieu of the recurrence of that which would have been due next June had it not been anticipated last year in consequence of that being the bi-centenary of Handel's birth. Gounod's work will be heard with grander effects than have yet been realised, either on its first production at the Birmingham Festival of 1882, or its repetition at the Royal Albert Hall. Most of the principal vocalists will be as at Birmingham, Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. F. King; Miss Annie Marriott being also engaged for this week's performance. The chorus will number about 3000 selected voices, the orchestra being of corresponding strength. The performance will be conducted by Mr. Manns, who so successfully directed the two last Handel Festivals. This gentleman's annual benefit concert has been postponed to Saturday, May 8. Mr. Austin's annual concert (on the same day) at the Royal Albert Hall will doubtless attract a large audience. The announcements promise great and varied attractions.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will close its season, at St. James's Hall, next Friday evening, with a performance of Handel's "Belshazzar," an oratorio that has been but too seldom heard.

Next Monday a new series of Richter concerts will be inaugurated at St. James's Hall; nine performances will be given there—the other dates being May 10, 17, 24, and 31, June 7, 10, 21, and 28; and there will be three provincial concerts—at Liverpool on April 27, at Leeds on April 28, and at Manchester, on April 29.

The Royal Italian Opera, as already stated, was announced to open, under Signor Lago's management, on May 15. The date has since been changed to May 25. The arrangements already include the engagement of some of the most eminent operatic artists of the day, negotiations being pending with others. Full particulars will shortly be available.

A concert of sacred music, principally selections from "The Messiah" and "The Creation," was given on Good Friday evening, at Brixton Hall, by Miss May Adolphus and the St. Paul's (West Brixton) Choral Society. The large audience joined in singing the "Old Hundredth" and "Abide with me," and the effect was very impressive. Mr. William Sexton, as usual, was an efficient conductor.

A concert in aid of the relief fund for French and Belgian miners in distress will be held this (Saturday) evening at South-place Chapel, Finsbury.

Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Joseph Ludwig announce their first concert of the season for Thursday evening next, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

Mr. Josiah Pittman died suddenly yesterday (Friday) week. He was a highly accomplished musician, both theoretical and practical, possessed also of considerable literary acquirements. He obtained great proficiency as a pianist, under the tuition of Moscheles, and studied harmony successfully with the eminent Professor Schnyder Von Wartensee, at Frankfurt. Mr. Pittman's earlier career as an organist and choir-master, and a lecturer on music, was supplemented by his connection with our two great Italian opera establishments, especially with that at Covent-Garden Theatre, where his co-operation has for many years been especially valuable.

Colonel W. S. Thorburn, of the Army Pay Department, has been appointed Chief Paymaster on the Staff in Ireland; and Colonel H. J. Brownrigg, C.B., Senior Commissariat Officer on the Staff.

The Mercers' Company have granted £250 towards the Beaumont Trust scheme for the establishment of a People's Palace in the East-End. The trustees require £10,000 to enable them to begin the undertaking in June.

Our Portrait of Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of Police, is from a photograph by Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, of Sheffield; that of the late Sir Trevor Chute, from one by Messrs. Maull and Co., who also photographed that of the late General Sir H. D. White.

Good Friday was observed in the customary manner. The special services in most of the churches were well attended. Pleasure-seekers were favoured with fine weather, and the parks and suburban resorts were crowded.—The Easter festival was celebrated on Sunday in all the London churches, in the presence of large congregations.

The election of a member of Parliament for the Central Division of the borough of Bradford, in the room of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, deceased, was held last week. The candidates were Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Liberal, who is a supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and Mr. H. Brodie Hoare, Conservative. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was elected by a majority of 730.

A memorial fountain, which has been erected at the junction of Great College-street with the Kentish Town-road, on land given by the vestry of St. Pancras, to the memory of the late Jabez Inwards, the well-known temperance lecturer, was unveiled on Good Friday by the Rev. G. M. Murphy, in the presence of about 3000 persons, among the many speakers being Mr. Gibb, M.P., and Captain Revell, of the Royal Artillery.

With a view to open up a new deep-water entrance from the Thames, a concrete wall weighing nearly 8000 tons was blown up by dynamite at the Albert Docks yesterday week. More than 1400 holes had been drilled to receive charges of dynamite. A number of eminent engineers and others witnessed the explosion, and a subsequent examination showed that the work had been most effectively done.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Every second speaker (and oh, how many of them there are!) about the Irish question seems to be profoundly disturbed at the notion of "taxation without representation" for Irishmen. Mr. Gladstone's proposal is, that the present representatives of Ireland shall arrange for a fixed contribution from Ireland towards the cost of Imperial defence on a peace basis, and for interest on the National Debt already incurred, and that the policy of the Government in the future shall not affect the taxation of Ireland—that if, for example, we had a great war, and our income tax rose to two shillings in the pound, and our debt was also enormously increased, the Irish should have no part in our privations, and should not help to bear the burden. This immunity for the future being arranged, it does not appear that the Irish would be practically wronged by not having a voice in the policy which might impose additional taxation on the rest of the inhabitants of Great Britain. Yet for all this, many gentlemen are greatly distressed at the notion that the Irish would have to pay Imperial taxation, while they were not represented in the Imperial Parliament. We ladies are now in exactly the position that it is considered it would be so shocking for Irishmen to be placed in. We are taxed, but we are not represented.

We women are, indeed, far worse off than the Irish would be in the case supposed, for though we are allowed no voice in directing Imperial policy, we are called upon to pay for carrying out that policy. Those of us who have incomes of our own are to-day enjoying the felicity of handing over eightpence out of every pound, to pay for wars, the Soudan war in particular, in making which we had no share. The future course of Government may compel us to pay more and yet more largely; our tribute is not a fixed sum, alas! For instance, the Land Purchase Bill seems to be a sort of gigantic political Confidence Trick. Mr. Gladstone and all his St. James's Hall echoes say that the English people are to have faith in the Irish; and to show our confidence in them we must just lend them fifty millions to go round the corner with. Now, for argument, suppose they do not come back with the money? Suppose, that is to say, that the edict goes forth, "Pay no rent to the Great Britain" (for such is the playful title which the lively Celt gives in his "Nationalist" newspapers to the English and Scotch), as erst the order went forth about the individual landlord? Well, then, we women, and our daughters after us, will have to be taxed to pay off the fifty millions, though to-day we are not represented. In a few months there may be a general election on this question; but we who may have to help to bear the burden will not be allowed any voice as to whether the burden shall be imposed. We are taxed without being represented; and nobody is distressed. The talk, then, about the necessity of keeping the Irish members at Westminster, on this ground, either means nothing, or means that English gentlemen care more about guarding the pecuniary rights of Pat in the mud cabin, of Mick the Moonlighter, and of Dan the Dynamiter, than about maintaining those of propertyed or self-supporting Englishwomen.

It was a happy thought for the Royal School of Art Needlework to hold an exhibition of altar-cloths immediately prior to Easter. One of those shown was lent by Princess Christian, for whom it was executed in the early days of the school's existence. It serves now rather to mark the rapid progress of artistic needlework in recent years than anything else. It is a crimson velvet cloth, with bunches of grapes and vine-leaves worked sparingly on it in gold; a blue circle, with a gold lamb in its midst, forms the centre of the cloth. Very superior to this is a beautiful altar-cloth lately designed at South Kensington and worked by Lady Georgiana Legge. This also is of crimson velvet, the embroidered design being white lilies, delicately shaded with green. The most showy design is that just completed for St. Wulfran's, Grantham. The ground is white silk broché on white satin; in the centre is a large medallion worked in crimson silk, on which "I.H.S." is heavily embroidered in gold. Beneath and above the medallion are large thistle-shaped scrolls worked in pink silk and gold thread, while at either side a similar design is repeated in blue and gold. An even more elaborate piece of embroidery, though less beautiful, has the Archangels Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel worked in brown wool on a white ground; a gold halo surrounding the heads, and white and gold extended wings showing up against a fully embroidered background of conventionalised apple-trees full of fruit.

A happy idea for fancy work is a cover for a railway timetable. Who does not know how Bradshaw lies about, getting daily more dog-eared and untidy? Well, a pretty cover can be made for it, which will render the time-table an ornament instead of an eye-sore. Take a piece of cardboard the size of each cover, irrespective of the back of the volume. Then cut a strip of plush, a little broader than the card, and long enough to completely fold round Bradshaw twice. Fold the ends of this, wrong side out, just to cover the two cards, and sew along top and bottom; then slip out the card at the side still open, turn the plush right side out, and embroider in silk the words "Bradshaw" or "Time-Table" either in the middle of the back or across one corner, so that it will show as the case lies on a table. Then slip the cards back, and sew them into their place along the inside edges. Add a piece of elastic down the centre of the back from top to bottom, so that the book, when opened in the middle, slips in under it; and there is the case.

In response to my plea that my readers would give me some of their pet cookery recipes, I have received several valued communications. One of the most interesting is from Mrs. Titley, of Peckforton, who favours me with a collection of recipes made by two maiden ladies, who died about twenty years ago, each being then over ninety-five years old. Many of the recipes bear the name of the donor—as, "Mrs. Ellis Rhosman's recipe for malt wine," "From Lord Greville's," and so on. The best of those that I have tried in my kitchen is marked "From R. W., Head Cook at Great Orme's Castle." Here it is:—Sponge Biscuits for Desert.—Take half a pound of flour and three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, crushed and sifted; beat the whites of six eggs by themselves, add the yolks, and beat well together. Put in a little grated lemon-peel, then the sugar, and flit well with a whisk. Then slowly stir in the flour with a wooden spoon, and put the mixture in a dozen small tins to bake, with sifted sugar over to glaze.

Here is a very nice recipe: Buttered Oranges.—Take eight eggs and the whites of four more, beat well, then squeeze in the juice of seven oranges, and add three or four spoonfuls of rose-water. Let this all run through a hair sieve into a silver basin, then put to it a pound of crushed sugar, and mix. Put over a gentle fire in a lined saucepan, and when it begins to thicken stir in a lump of butter the size of a walnut. When somewhat thicker, pour out into a flat china dish. To be eaten cold. It is nice with the little sponge biscuits.

I have a gentleman correspondent on cookery, which naturally makes me proud and happy. "M. Inst. C. E." writes, from Guernsey, in praise of parsley boiled, root and all, and served as a vegetable with beef. Will some of my readers who have a kitchen-garden see how they like this idea, and report progress? He adds that parsley boiled in the pot with tough meat makes the latter tender. F. F. M.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, A. J. A. (Liverpool).—Your solution is acknowledged in this Number. We cannot answer questions through the post.

E. A. A. (Eastbourne).—Thanks for the game; it shall be examined.

W. H. (Bourdon).—It is a competition problem, and we desired to elicit opinions upon it. We agree with you as to the superiority of No. 2194.

M. S. (Clapham).—You have not chosen the best defence against 1. Q. to K 8th.

SHADFORTH.—Please look again. After the moves 1. Kt to Q 8th, K takes Kt, 2. Q to Q 8th, should Black play 2. P to K 7th, there is no mate on the third move.

L. N. (Gordon-square).—See answer to Shadforth.

P. W. (Bury St. Edmunds).—We regret your letter was overlooked last week, but your question was answered in a reply to another correspondent. In the position described the White King cannot capture the Knight.

LE COMTE.—Several of the problems have been published in this column. The award is expected shortly.

T. C. (Edinburgh).—In No. 2187, after 1. Kt to Kt 3rd, if Black play 1. P to Kt 7th, White continues with 2. Q to B 2nd, and mates next move.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2188 to No. 2195 received from A. C. Hechte; of No. 2190 from Jack, J. C. (Ghent), and F. C. Sibbald; of No. 2191 from F. E. Gibbins (Tiflis), J. K. (South Hampstead), F. C. Sibbald, and J. C. (Ghent); of No. 2192 from W. J. Parr, F. E. Gibbins (Tiflis), and Alfred J. Alexander; of No. 2193 from J. B. (St. Andrews), J. C. (Ghent), John Coonan, W. E. Carver, Pierce Jones, B. H. C. (Salisbury), C. E. P. and Peterhouse; of No. 2194 from Worrall, E. T. Ward, Miss Lizzie Hamilton, A. S. M., Francis E. Reed, James Copland, Conics, Edward Bygott, J. Christie, C. Field (St. Petersburg), E. G. Boys, W. Kinghorn, G. Atkinson, Thomas Letchford, Clara Rowell, C. F. Tomlinson, John Coonan, W. E. Carver, Peterhouse, T. G. (Ware), R. Billings, W. J. Parr, B. H. C. (Salisbury), A. Bruin, John C. Bremner, Magnuson in Parvo, M. H. Moorhouse, C. E. F., George Bateman, Edward J. Gibbs Junior, and Percy R. Gibbs.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2195 received from R. H. Brooks, W. Biddle, G. W. Law, E. Louden, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Nerina, Julia Short, Ben Nevis, J. R. B. Junior, Pierce Jones, H. Reeve, J. K. (South Hampstead), T. G. (Ware), Jupiter Junior, F. Marshall, Otto Fulder, J. A. Schmuecke, B. R. Wood, John C. Bremner, W. Hillier, W. R. Raillem, Conics, H. Lucas, O. Icinga, H. Wardell, E. Featherstone, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Venator, A. C. Hunt, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Commander W. L. Martin, R. Tweddell, E. Casella (Paris), W. Heathcote, Columbus, N. S. Harris, U. Fourhey, Dabshill, E. Elsbury, W. E. Stephenson, Edmund Field, C. Darragh, W. H. D. Henvey, George Hackett, Thomas Chown, H. Pace, J. R. M. Anderson, L. Wyman, Peterhouse, T. Roberts, Worrall, A. Z., W. E. Carver, R. Billings, M. H. Moorhouse, J. Hall, A. P. (Brighton), Joseph Afnsworth, H. M. S. Tamar, G. J. Gribble, R. Tweddell, and Frank H. Rollison.

## SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

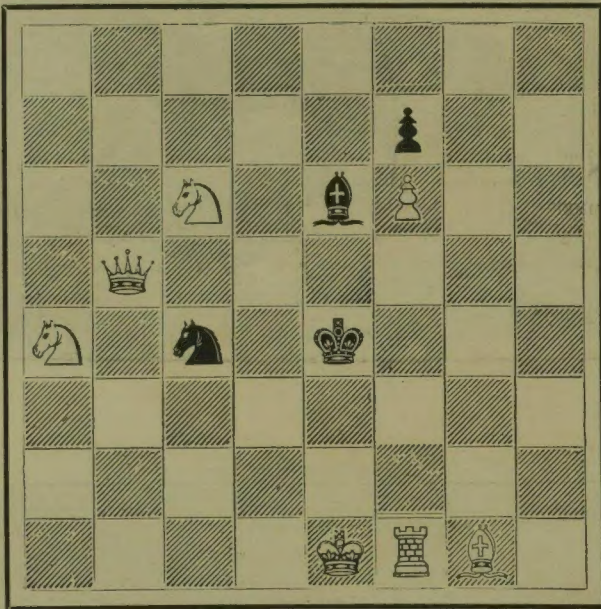
No. 2188. WHITE. BLACK. No. 2190. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to K B 2nd. Any move. 1. Q to Q R 7th. K to Kt 2nd, 3rd, or 4th.  
2. Mates accordingly. 2. B to B 4th. Any move.  
3. Q or B mates. 3. Q or B mates.

No. 2189. This Problem was reprinted as No. 2192. If 1. Kt to K 2nd, White continues with 2. B to Q 8th (ch), and plays as above if Black move the Kt.

## PROBLEM No. 2197.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Complying with the request of several of our regular correspondents, we complete our record of the great match for the chess championship of the world by the fourth game, which will be found appended. It was played at New York on Jan. 18 last, but the report of it intended for us was, by misadventure, delayed in transmission until after the publication of several of the later games. It is not without interest even now, when studied in the light of the loser's play subsequently at St. Louis and New Orleans.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)	WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. Z.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Q to K 8th (ch)	Kt to B sq
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	22. R to K sq	B to Kt 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	23. Q to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
5. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd	24. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Q sq
6. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	25. Q to B 5th	Kt to B sq
7. R takes Kt (ch)	B to K 2nd	26. B to K B 4th	Q to B 3rd
8. B to B sq		27. Kt to Q 2nd	B to B sq
		28. Q to K 5th	P to Kt 3rd
		29. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th
		30. B to Kt 3rd	P to B 2nd
		31. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 2nd
		32. P takes P	P takes P
		33. Kt to K 5th	P to B 5th
		34. B to Kt sq	B to Kt 2nd
		35. R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd
		36. Q to B 3rd	B to K sq
		37. Kt takes Q B P	

If 13. P to Q 4th, then 14. B takes P, &c.

14. Kt to Q 2nd B to K 3rd  
15. B to Q 3rd Kt to R 5th  
16. Kt to K 4th Kt to Kt 3rd  
17. B to Q 2nd P to Q 4th  
18. Kt to B 5th B to B sq  
19. Q to K 3rd P to Kt 3rd

A new-fangled manoeuvre, which Herr Steinitz abandoned in subsequent games at this opening.

8. P to Q 4th B to B 3rd  
10. R to K sq R to K sq  
11. P to Q B 3rd R takes R  
12. Q takes R Kt to B 4th  
13. B to K B 4th P to Q 3rd

A remarkable blunder; overlooking, probably, that the Kt, when it captured Rook, defended the Queen.

37. P takes Kt Kt takes R  
38. R takes R Kt to K 3rd  
39. Q to K 2nd and Black resigned.

The activity prevailing in Irish chess circles at the present time is a notable incident in the progress of the game in recent years. For many years Dublin was the "silent sister" of the chess world, but now two chess columns, both conducted with singular ability, appear weekly in the Irish capital. The *Ward* is edited by Mr. T. B. Rowland, whose principal contributions have consisted of a series of articles on the construction and solution of problems, and these, we are glad to learn, are about to be collected and published in book form. If there are any "beginners" in problem construction in these days of "masters," this little book should be serviceable to them, and we recommend them to purchase it. Mrs. T. B. Rowland, the authoress of several works on chess in prose and poetry, informs us that she is about to publish a photographic group of the chess editors of Great Britain, with their autographs. The chess department of the *Irish Sportsman* is conducted by Mr. Porterfield Rynd, one of the strongest of the Irish amateurs of chess. The development of practical play is equally remarkable. There are two chess clubs now in Dublin for daily play, and an association which holds annual tournaments for substantial prizes. Between the latter and the Sussex Chess Association a correspondence tourney is now in progress, and six of the fourteen games have been decided. The following is the score:—

SUSSEX.	Won.	DUBLIN.	Won.
Mrs. A. Smith	.. .. 1 ..	Mrs. Rowland	.. .. 0 ..
L. Leuliette	.. .. 1 ..	W. H. K. Pollock	.. .. 0 ..
W. Erskine	.. .. 0 ..	J. Morphy	.. .. 1 ..
W. M. Arthur	.. .. 1 ..	A. S. Peake	.. .. 0 ..
G. A. Raper	.. .. 0 ..	W. M. Crum	.. .. 1 ..
E. Adams	.. .. dr ..	Drury	.. .. dr ..

Chessplayers who visit the Indian Village Exhibition, in Langham-place, should call upon the "native" who is engaged there in the manufacture of chesspieces. It is, perhaps, incorrect to describe this gentleman's process as a manufacture, for most of his work—very delicate, dainty work, too—is done with his toes.

The British Chess Club has challenged the Paris *Cercle* to a match, and the *deft* has been accepted. Whether the match shall be played in Paris or London has not yet been decided. Why not Boulogne?

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty and the Royal family attended Divine service at Whippingham Church on Sunday morning. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., and the Rev. Henry White, M.A. (Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen), officiated; the latter preaching the sermon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louis of Battenberg. The Rev. Henry White had the honour of dining with her Majesty and Royal family in the evening. On Monday morning her Majesty went out, attended by Lady Churchill. Prince Henry of Battenberg, hon. Colonel of the Isle of Wight Rifle Volunteers, inspected the battalion on the castle grounds at Osborne in the afternoon. At the close of the ceremony Prince Henry complimented the officers and men of the regiment on their soldierly bearing. Luncheon was served for the officers at Osborne, and for the non-commissioned officers and men at Barton.

The Queen will open the Indian and Colonial Exhibition on the 4th inst., and the Liverpool International Exhibition on the 11th inst.

We are authorised to state that there will be a Drawing-room towards the middle of May in addition to that fixed for the 5th inst.

Her Majesty's birthday will be kept on Saturday, the 29th inst.

On Maundy Thursday the Archbishop of Canterbury confirmed Princess Victoria of Wales, in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Princess Maud, and a number of Royal and distinguished personages were present, but the ceremonial was not of a public character. The Prince, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, went to Norwich last Saturday afternoon from Sandringham, to inspect the ground on which the society's show will be held in July. He was met at the Eastern and Midlands Railway Station by Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P. (on the grounds of whose firm the show will be held), and by Mr. Wilson, representing the society. After inspecting the ground, and taking lunch with Mr. Colman at Carrow House, his Royal Highness returned to Sandringham. Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck) and the Duke and Princess Victoria of Teck returned to town on Saturday, from Sandringham, where they had been staying with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service at Sandringham Church on Sunday morning. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated and preached.

## OPENING OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION BY THE QUEEN.

As already announced, the Queen intends to open in person the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington next Tuesday, May 4. In its leading outlines, the order which will be observed on the occasion has been determined. The Royal Commissioners will assemble at the grand entrance, and will receive the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family. Their Royal Highnesses, with the Prince of Wales as President of the Executive, will officially receive her Majesty, and present to the Queen the Executive Commissioners. From the entrance-hall a procession will then be formed into the long Central Court, devoted to India; midway down this avenue, already splendidly furnished with trophies of Indian art and manufacture, the cortege will turn to the right, in the direction of Old London, immediately fronting which there has been erected a realistic Indian palace. Natives of her Majesty's Eastern Empire will line the route on the one side, while on the other the Queen will be awaited by representative groups from the Colonies. As the Queen passes along, it will be considered that her Indian and colonial subjects present are collectively and representatively introduced to the Sovereign. Thence the procession will continue through the garden, passing on the right hand side of the fountain, into the large conservatory, and from there by an entrance specially constructed for her Majesty's convenience on the level of the orchestra into the Royal Albert Hall. Here the formal proceedings will take place, and the Queen will declare the Exhibition open. The Poet Laureate has written for the occasion an ode, which will be sung to music also specially composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Madame Albani, herself a Canadian, will sing "Home, Sweet Home."

The Duke of Devonshire has been elected, for the fiftieth time, chairman of the Ulverston Board of Guardians.

Lord Londesborough has reduced the rents of his cottage allotments at Market-Weighton to the extent of one half.

The Spring Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society was opened at Ball's Bridge on Tuesday, and was visited on Wednesday by the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Aberdeen.

The position of Colonel-Commandant of Royal Artillery, vacant by the death of General J. Turner, C.B., has been bestowed upon General R. P. Radcliffe, late Inspector-General of Artillery.

Major-General R. Bateson, late 1st Life Guards, Equerry to the Duke of Cambridge, has been appointed Deputy Ranger of Hyde Park, in the place of the late Lieutenant-General C. Tyrwhitt, C.B.

A peerage has been bestowed upon Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B., late Clerk of the House of Commons, in recognition of his long and valuable services; and it is stated that Mr. Reginald Palgrave, Clerk Assistant to the House, will succeed to his office.

The Earl of Chichester has been unanimously elected Chairman of East Sussex Sessions, in succession to the late Earl, who had held the appointment for over fifty years. Viscount Hampden, the newly-appointed Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, was not willing to take upon himself the duties of the chairmanship, stating that he preferred to see a younger man appointed.

## THE SPRING ASSIZES.

The days and places appointed for holding the Spring Assizes are as follows:—

Northern Circuit.—At Carlisle, Tuesday, May 4; at Manchester, Friday, May 7; at Liverpool, Wednesday, May 19.

North-Eastern Circuit.—At the Guildhall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Monday, May 3; at the Courts, Durham, Friday, May 7; at the Townhall, Leeds, Thursday, May 13.

Midland Circuit.—At the Castle of Lincoln, Tuesday, May 11; at the City of Lincoln, Tuesday, May 11; at Derby, Saturday, May 15; at Northampton, Wednesday, May 5; at Warwick, Saturday, May 21.

South-Eastern Circuit.—At Ipswich, Tuesday, May 4; at the Shirehall, Cherterton, Thursday, May 13; at Hertford, Wednesday, May 19; at Lewes, Monday, May 24.

Oxford Circuit.—At Reading, Tuesday, May 4; at Worcester, Monday, May 17; at the city of Worcester, Monday, May 17; at Stafford, Saturday, May 8.

Western Circuit.—At the Castle of Winchester, Tuesday, May 4; at the Castle of Exeter, Thursday, May 13; at the Guildhall, Exeter, Thursday, May 13; at Taunton, Thursday, May 20.

North Wales Division.—At Carnarvon, Wednesday, May 5; at Chester Castle, Friday, May 7.

South Wales Division.—At Swansea, Friday, May 14.

Civil causes will be tried at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds.



MANDALAY, THE CAPITAL OF BURMAH: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



WESTERN GATE OF THE CITY OF MANDALAY.



MANDALAY, VIEW LOOKING EAST, FROM THE WATCH-TOWER OF THE PALACE.



PALACE OF MANDALAY, VIEW LOOKING WEST, FROM THE WATCH-TOWER.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 27.

Within a week Paris has become utterly transformed. I do not mean to say that it has become an English city, though, to judge from the company at the races on Sunday, and from the language one most hears along the boulevards, one might easily imagine that some such rapid transformation had taken place. No; it is not that. It is simply that summer has come instead of spring; the sun is not the sun of May but of July—a sun that makes the asphalt soft, and sends the Parisians by thousands to gather lilac in the country. Paris has issued radiant and gay from its winter chrysalis. Easter has brought out the new clothes; the Champs Elysées once more resound with the drums and trombones of the cafés concerts; the boulevards are lined with little chairs and tables, on which are served sweet liqueurs for the delectation of the countless men and women of leisure who make Paris their home. Open-air life is all the rage; the deputies *en vacances* no longer trouble us with their sterile discussions; Paris has resumed its position as the city par excellence of gaiety, sunlight, and pleasure. And to think that in a very few weeks everybody will be off to the seaside, for on Friday the Salon opens, and the Salon is the beginning of the end of the Paris season!

This morning those indiscreet persons who are called journalists were admitted to the Palais de l'Industrie in order to prepare their articles on the great annual picture show. Naturally, I took advantage of the opportunity, and passed five hours in forming a hasty first impression of the Salon. That impression was one of disappointment, although there are very many pictures which display great talent, much thought, and immense technical ability. I forbear from entering into details, lest I trench on another's province; but if I were asked to sum up my impression of the Salon in one single statement, I should say that, in spite of talent enough and to spare, the French school is losing more and more the art of picture-making, and realism is triumphing at the expense of charm. There are really few pictures in the present Salon in the society of which one would care continually to live. It appears that some 9000 pictures were sent to the Salon this year, out of which 2500 were accepted. Some of the unlucky pictures are to be shown at the end of the week in a "salon des refusés."

There has been much talk of late about a new book, by M. Edouard Drumont, called "La France Juive," in which the author, a Reactionary, a fanatical Catholic, and withal a writer of talent, has made a compilation of all that has been ever written against the Jews. M. Drumont sees Jews everywhere in France—in finance, politics, society, journalism, and in all the prominent careers; he accuses them of monopolising wealth and power; he carries out to the most fanatical details his rôle of an antisemitic apostle; and he concludes by demanding the confiscation of the gold of the Jews as the only solution of the present social crisis. M. Drumont, in short, demands religious persecution, and a return to the manners of the times of the Inquisition. In liberal France, essentially a country of religious toleration, his book will of course have no practical social results. The only result that it will have will be to imperil its author's life. M. Drumont has already had to fight two duels, and six other challenges await their turn to be fought off. The second duel with M. Arthur Meyer, of the *Gauleois*, was peculiarly irregular. M. Meyer twice seized his opponent's sword; and, finally, M. Drumont was wounded in the thigh. The curious point is that M. Meyer, a born Israelite, is, in the columns of his paper, the accredited champion of the throne and the altar in Paris.

The French are great people for celebrating anniversaries and centenaries, not so much, I imagine, because they take a profound interest in the men and the things of the past, but because the celebrations are pretexts for fêtes and for the formation of committees that permit the satisfaction of a little harmless vanity. During the whole of this week the town of Montdidier is en fête on the occasion of the "centenary of the potato," the use of which was introduced into France about 1785 or 1786 by Parmentier, a native of Montdidier. The potato, it has been proved, was planted in France as early as the sixteenth century, but it was not considered fit for human food. The famine of 1769 caused inquiries to be made into the various kinds of vegetable aliments; Parmentier, a young apothecary, wrote a prize essay on the subject for the Academy of Besançon, and became the apostle of the potato. In May, 1786, Parmentier went to Versailles with a bouquet of potato-flowers, and triumphed. Louis XVI. gave Parmentier his right hand to shake, and Marie Antoinette her two cheeks to kiss; and, at Court that day, the King and all the courtiers wore potato-flowers in their button-holes; and so truth triumphed over error. Parmentier, after this interview, gave a feast, at which the potato figured dressed in thirty-three manners. No one ever afterwards entertained any prejudices against the Peruvian tubercle; and Parmentier lived long to see men profit by his propaganda, and died in 1813, at Paris, in the street that now bears his name.

Eugène Isabey, the *genre* painter, died yesterday, at the age of eighty-two. His marines, his landscapes, his resuscitations of the costumes and manners of the Middle Ages are innumerable. Isabey was a colourist whose nervous and rapid touch produced pictures full of spirit and intelligence. He was essentially a painter of pictures, a rather uncommon merit in these days of "studies" and "impressions."

T. C.

King Humbert has signed a decree dissolving the Italian Chamber, and fixing May 23 for the general elections.

The German Emperor and Empress, who are now, in spite of their advanced age, in excellent health, spent the Easter holidays in Berlin. The Crown Prince has recovered from the measles.

The Emperor of Austria has left Vienna for Budapest, being joined at the Castle of Buda by the Empress, arriving from Baden-Baden. The Crown Prince and Princess returned to Vienna on Tuesday, after a six weeks' stay at Lacomra. Their Imperial Highnesses will join the Court at Pesth on the 4th inst.

The French Government have addressed to the Greek Ministry a Note, urging them in the most pressing terms to anticipate the demand of the Powers, by spontaneously proceeding to disarm. The Ultimatum of the Powers was delivered to the Greek Government on Monday evening. It is signed by all the Powers except France, and calls upon Greece to give assurances that orders for disarmament will be issued within a week.

President Cleveland has sent a message to Congress urging the necessity of dealing with the labour question. He suggests a Commission of Labour composed of three members, who would be regular Government officers, charged with the consideration and settlement of controversies.

At Cape Town the House of Assembly has passed a resolution annexing the Xesibe country to Cape Colony.

Information from Mandalay has been received at the India

Office that cholera had attacked the 43rd Regiment on its voyage up the river, and that there had been fourteen deaths.

Sir Arthur Blyth, Agent-General for South Australia, has received a telegram from the Government at Adelaide, stating that the drought has ended, and that splendid rains have fallen throughout the colony; also that the railway to the Victorian border is to be opened on May 1.—Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland, left Brisbane on the 20th ult. for England, on leave. Sir Arthur Palmer has been appointed Acting Governor during his Excellency's absence.

The financial condition of New Zealand has been declared by the Premier and the Colonial Treasurer to be thoroughly sound. There is a surplus for the past year of £37,000. Native affairs, it is stated, have never been in so satisfactory a condition.

## THE CITY OF MANDALAY.

It is with feelings of disappointment and anxiety that we hear of outrageous acts and wide disturbances in Upper Burmah under the British rule which has so recently been established. The incendiary fires on the 15th ult., which destroyed a large part of the city of Mandalay, were the work of bands of "dacoits," or robbers, suddenly entering the town and perpetrating their crimes with impunity, the British garrison not being prepared for instant and effective action. It is believed that these marauders were instigated by the Myinzaing Prince, the most formidable of the Alompra pretenders. The Burmese year 1248 commenced on that day. For some days previous threatening notices were circulated in Mandalay announcing that the beginning of the year would be signalled by the burning of the town. No special precautions were taken, however, by the local authorities. The police had received notice on the previous night that a body of rebels had entered the walled city, intending to attack it. The police, however, contented themselves with watching some suspected houses, but made no arrests. At daybreak a party of armed men, who had entered the walled city on the previous evening, attacked two Europeans, both military apothecaries, near the southern gate of the Palace. They killed one, and mortally wounded the other. This band approached by letting themselves down the ramparts. The town was fired at four and the walled city at two places. One of the fires in the city extended to the Palace and the Treasury and the Post Office, and several other smaller buildings within the Palace inclosures were destroyed. The main buildings of the Palace are uninjured. The fires raged with great fury, destroying some hundreds of houses. The incendiaries, some of whom were on ponies, galloped from place to place firing the houses. They were pursued by the police and the military. Their flags were taken and one prisoner was captured. The incendiaries then retreated towards Amarapura, and four men belonging to this band were captured later on near the Arrakan pagoda by a party of Madras cavalry.

Our Special Artist lately in Burmah, Mr. Melton Prior, made Sketches of the western gate of the city, and of the views in opposite directions from the watch-tower of the Palace, which are presented on this occasion. As may be inferred from the preceding accounts of the movements of the incendiaries on the 15th ult., Mandalay is divided, like all Chinese and Indo-Chinese official capitals, into two separate towns—namely, the "walled city," for Government officials and soldiers; and the outer town, inhabited by the common people. The former is a square inclosure, measuring a mile and an eighth part of a mile on each side, surrounded by walls of hard clay, 26 ft. high and 3 ft. thick, with battlements and wooden towers, and by a moat 60 ft. wide. There are three gates on each side, and two bridges over the moat on the western side, but only one bridge on each of the other sides. In the interior, streets 100 ft. wide run parallel to the walls; these are planted with young trees, and little channels of water run along the sides; between these main roads are smaller streets; and in the centre is the Palace, surrounded by a timber stockade, with turreted gateways, and by an inner wall of brick. The Palace, including a precinct of courts and gardens, and several groups of buildings, which were the residences of the Burmese Ministers of State, the Hall of Audience, the Mint, the Treasury, and the Arsenal, besides the abode of King Theebaw and his Queen, is surmounted by a lofty spire, and presents seven high roofs, with towers of commanding aspect. Behind the Palace Gardens are the parks belonging to the chief Buddhist pagodas and monasteries, which are splendidly decorated buildings, with much carved wood and gilding, both internal and external. The outer town of Mandalay, extending two miles to the banks of the Irrawaddy, was reckoned to have a population of one hundred thousand, but most parts of it were mean and squalid in appearance, though some of the Chinese and other foreign traders were supposed to be rich; a great mixture of different races and nations was seen in the crowded streets. There is some idea of removing the seat of government to Ava, the site of the ancient capital, which is now in ruins. Mandalay was founded so lately as 1857, when the Burmese King of that time moved from Amarapura, as one of his predecessors had moved from Ava.

The conflict at Sawaddy, twenty miles from Bhamo, between a detachment of British troops and the hostile tribes of the Kachyens, seems to have been a temporary check for our military force in that district. Captain Wace and ten Hazara gunners of the mountain battery were badly wounded, and his troops were obliged to retire; Captain Lisle, of the Welsh regiment, was also wounded. A police station at Meegandet, six miles from Mandalay, was also surprised by the dacoits, and twenty-three of the police were slaughtered, after being made prisoners. The fort of Kyoung Myoung was attacked, but the enemy were beaten off; and in other places there have been daring attempts to surprise the British forces.

An inmate of St. Pancras Workhouse, who had been there many years, and who lately acted as a porter, died suddenly, and on his body being stripped for burial over £20 in gold, silver, and bronze was found stitched in his clothes.

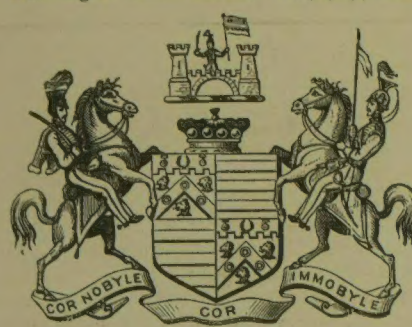
Mr. R. V. Skinner was on Monday elected Mayor of Winchelsea, one of the ancient Cinque Ports, and the only unreformed Corporation which enjoys the privilege of choosing the chief magistrate under the old charter, a saving clause retaining this privilege having been inserted in the Municipal Corporations Act at the instance of Mr. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., the retiring Mayor.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey appointed for May are—Sunday, 2nd, at ten, Canon Westcott (offertory for Bible Society); at three, Canon Prothero; at seven, Canon Duckworth (Temperance sermon). Sunday, 9th, at ten, Canon Prothero; at three, Rev. David James Vaughan, Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester; at seven, Canon Capel Cure. Sunday, 16th, at ten, Rev. H. Aldrick Cotton; at three, Canon Prothero; at seven, Archdeacon Farrar. Sunday, 23rd, at ten, Rev. F. K. Harford; at three, Canon Prothero; at seven, Rev. E. C. Wickham, Head Master of Wellington College. Sunday, 30th, at ten, Canon Prothero; at three, Rev. R. D. Cocking, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton; at seven, Rev. F. J. Chavasse, Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford.

## OBITUARY.

LORD VIVIAN.

The Right Hon. Charles Crespiigny, second Lord Vivian, of



Glynn and Truro, Cornwall, and a Baronet, late Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county, Major in the Army, J.P. and D.L. for Anglesey, and a special Deputy Warden of the Stanneries, died on the 24th ult. He was born Dec. 24, 1808, the eldest son of the late dis-

tinguished General Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, G.C.B., who was raised to the Peerage in 1841. The nobleman whose death we record was educated at Eton, and entered the Rifle Brigade in 1825, retiring from the Army as Major in the 7th Hussars. He succeeded to the honours at his father's death, Aug. 20, 1842, but had previously sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for Bodmin. His Lordship married, first, July 2, 1833, Arabella, daughter of the Rev. John Scott, of Ballygannon, in the county of Wicklow; and, secondly, Sept. 21, 1841, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter and heiress of Mr. Jones Pantom, of Plasgwyn, county Anglesey. He had issue by each wife. His son and successor, by the first, Hussey Crespiigny, now third Lord Vivian, C.B., her Majesty's Minister at the Court of Brussels, was born June 19, 1834, and married June 8, 1876, Louisa Alice, sister of Mr. G. W. Duff-Assheton-Smith, of Vaynol, Carnarvonshire, by whom he has issue.

SIR HENRY EDWARDS, BART.

Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., C.B., of Pye Nest, Halifax, died on the 23rd ult., in his seventy-fourth year. He was third son of Mr. Henry Lees Edwards, D.L., of Pye Nest, by Leah, his wife, daughter of Mr. Joseph Priestley, J.P., of White Windows, and sat in Parliament for Halifax from 1847 to 1852, and for Beverley from 1857 to 1869. In 1866 a baronetcy was conferred on him. He was a Companion of the Bath, J.P. and D.L. for the West Riding, and High Sheriff of the county of York in 1871. In 1874 he was appointed by the Prince of Wales to succeed the Marquis of Ripon as Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons, West Yorkshire, and in 1878 made Grand Superintendent of the Royal Arch Masons of his province. Sir Henry married, April 19, 1838, Maria Churchill, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Coster, of Regent's Park, and had four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, now Sir Henry Coster Lee Edwards, second Baronet, J.P., was born June 3, 1840, and married, June 22, 1872, Agnes Harcourt, daughter of Mr. Edward Rawson Clark.

SIR HENRY MORGAN VANE.

Sir Henry Morgan Vane, heir-presumptive to the barony of Barnard, died on the 22nd ult., at his residence, 74, Eaton-place. He was born Nov. 29, 1808, the elder son of Mr. John Henry Vane, grandson of the Hon. Morgan Vane, of Bilby Hall, Notts, Comptroller of the Stamp Office, who was second son of Gilbert, second Lord Barnard. The elder son, Henry, third Lord Barnard, was created Earl of Darlington, and was grandfather of William Henry, first Duke of Cleveland. The gentleman whose death we record was called to the Bar in 1843, and in 1853 appointed Secretary to the Charity Commission. He received honorary knighthood in 1883. Sir Henry married, in 1853, Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Richard Farrer, of Ashley, Northamptonshire, and by her (who died Dec. 16, 1878) leaves three surviving sons and one daughter. The eldest of the former, Henry De Vere Vane, now heir-presumptive to the barony of Barnard, married June 28, 1881, Lady Catherine Sarah Cecil, daughter of the third Marquis of Exeter.

MR. R. R. STODART.

Mr. Robert Riddle Stodart, Lyon Clerk Depute, one of the ablest heralds and genealogists of the time, died at his residence in Edinburgh, on the 19th ult. He was born Nov. 16, 1827, the eldest son of the late Mr. John Riddle Stodart, Writer to the Signet, and grandson of Mr. Robert Stodart, of Kailzie, in the county of Peebles. He received his education at the High School and the University of Edinburgh, and passed some sixteen years of his early life in Ceylon, whence he returned in 1863. His passion for local and family history and heraldry early evinced itself, and it was felt that the right man was in the right place when he was appointed to the position in the Lyon Office, which, up to the last, he continued to fill diligently and honourably. He was, for a lengthened period, the energetic and valuable co-operator with the present all-accomplished Lyon King-of-Arms, in the restoration of the ancient and important heraldic department of Scotland. Mr. Stodart contributed to various archaeological publications, and produced, in 1880, a great work on "Scottish Arms," most highly appreciated by all who are interested in the heraldic history of Scotland. A more assiduous genealogist never existed. Personally, his kindness and worth endeared him to a wide circle of friends; and by his heraldic brethren in England and Ireland his death is deeply regretted, for he was ever ready to impart the information with which his mind was stored.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Commissary-General Sam Hall, late 72nd Regiment, on the 20th ult., at Southsea, aged sixty-four.

The Rev. George Ormsby, M.A., F.S.A., Canon of York, on the 17th ult., at his Vicarage, Fishlake, aged seventy-seven.

Mary Elizabeth, Lady Wells, widow of Sir Mordaunt Wells, Judge of the High Court of Judicature, Bengal, and daughter of Mr. Thomas William Ramsden, on the 20th ult., at Golders Hill, Hampstead.

Mr. Alexander Balfour, of Liverpool, J.P. for Derbyshire, the head of the firm of Balfour, Williamson, and Co., the well-known shipowners of that town, in his sixty-second year, at his residence, Mount Alyn, near Wrexham.

Major-General John H. Thompson, late of the 50th (Queen's Own) Regiment, on the 11th ult., at Ballytory, Wexford, aged sixty. This gallant officer served in the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6 (Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon), in the Crimea (Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol), and in New Zealand, 1863 to 1866.

Captain Coleraine Robert Vansittart, of Shottesbrook Park, Berks, and Foot's Cray, Kent, formerly Captain 11th Hussars, on the 14th ult., in Paris, aged fifty-two. He was the head of the family of Vansittart, one of German origin, founded in England by Peter Vansittart, an eminent Russian merchant, who died in 1705. A junior member was the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, created Lord Bexley in 1823.



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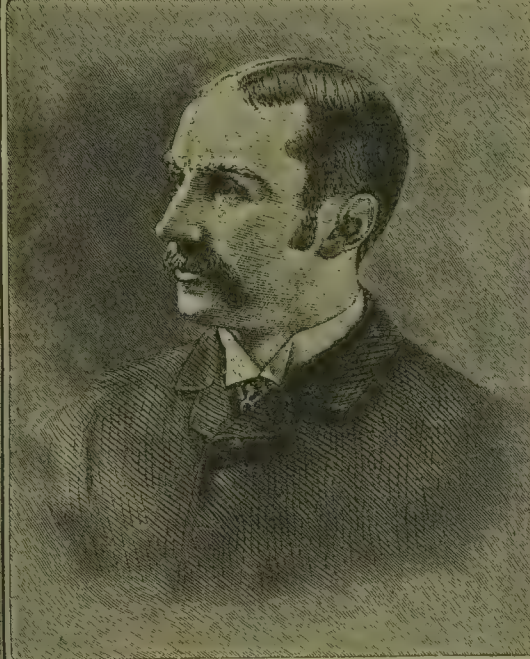
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DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

Mr. Argand suddenly stopped, and, looking steadfastly in her face, inquired, "What is your opinion of a gambler?"

# THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### "THE PUBLIC GOOD."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Richter, as she and her niece pursued their way homeward, "and what do you think of it all?"

"I am very glad I have seen Mr. Argand, and much obliged to you for doing what, I fear, must have been little short of a penance for my sake."

"You mean the 'at-home'; well, that was certainly rather trying. The idea of hearing you discussed in that manner, some of them even suggesting that you were a man! But I had really almost forgotten the 'at-home.' Do you know that you have been talking to Mr. Argand exactly one hour and a half?"

"You should rather say he has been talking to me."

"I suppose so. He looked, however, very much interested in what you were saying."

"He is most kind and sympathetic; his ears are open to everything, even to what I told him about Mr. Matthew Meyrick."

"And as to your own affairs—I mean the *Millennium* and so on," put in Aunt Jane, hastily, like one who is afraid of misinterpretation, or having gone too far.

"He has taken all I proposed into his most favourable consideration. I have got what it does not fall to everyone to get—my chance."

"I am so glad you are pleased, dear."

The congratulation did not move Lizzie the less because it was clear that Aunt Jane did not comprehend the cause of her satisfaction. "I do not understand: I love" is a motto not only applicable to wives.

"And you? I am afraid you did not find the time pass so agreeably with Miss Argand. She struck me as a little cold."

"She was very communicative and confidential with me, nevertheless, my dear, I do assure you."

"Indeed."

"Yes; I thought rather unnecessarily so. She took great pains to impress upon me that Mr. Argand had nothing but the profits of his magazine to live upon; and that he was very ambitious."

"That is quite true," returned Lizzie, gently; "he gave me to understand as much himself; that is the only thing that somehow disappointed me in him; he wants to get into Parliament."

"Oh, dear; oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Richter.

"There is nothing so disgraceful in it," laughed Lizzie; "that you should distress yourself about it; but it seems to me a small aspiration for such a nature. However, everyone to his taste. I daresay there would be many, if it was worth their while, to pick holes in mine. Aunt Jane, I am going to ask you a great favour."

"My dear, I wish I had one to grant you."

"But you have. I want you to go about with me wherever I can't go by myself."

"Any more 'at-homes'?" inquired Aunt Jane, in the tone of one who is anxious to know the worst.

"No; it is nothing of that kind."

"Then I am prepared to go to jail with you if it is necessary," was the cheerful reply.

"Certainly, we must see the jails; also the courts of law that lead to them; the hospitals, the docks, the slums."

"The what?" inquired Mrs. Richter, with amazement

"The dwellings of the poorest of the poor. I want to see everything, and Mr. Argand has promised to put me in the way of doing it."

"Very good, my dear; I only hope," added the widow, in a resigned whisper, "we shall not be robbed and murdered."

In after years, when one of these two ladies had become a celebrity, this incident was misrecorded in the usual wicked fashion. There were even humorous pictures of the audacious pair engaged in putting their design into execution, borrowed from the designs of the once famous "Tom and Bob" seeing "Life in London"; a tribute to her niece's popularity which, one is glad to think, never met Mrs. Richter's eyes. The subject was one which not only lent itself to illustration, but, naturally enough, awakened ridicule. Miss Dart's scheme of research was no doubt crude; still, those who would print from life must draw from the living model, and the eye of genius can seize at a glance more than the more commonplace vision can grasp in a life-time. Simple as was her plan, it would not have been easy of execution but for Mr. Argand's assistance. He had an "open sesame" for most doors, and placed it, as he had promised, at his fair contributor's disposal. She sat beside the Judge upon the bench, and visited the criminal in his cell; she plumbed the depths of misery into which the poor are plunged, and in ministering, so far as she was able, to their needs, partook of their rare enjoyments; she did not shrink even from beholding those sharp and terrible remedies with which the surgeon seems to mock humanity in granting to it a new lease of existence.

Nor was the brighter side of life neglected: not only did she visit the usual haunts of pleasure, but often enjoyed what had hitherto been utterly unknown to her—the intellectual feast. At Mr. Argand's table she met what his sister was

(Continued on page 464.)







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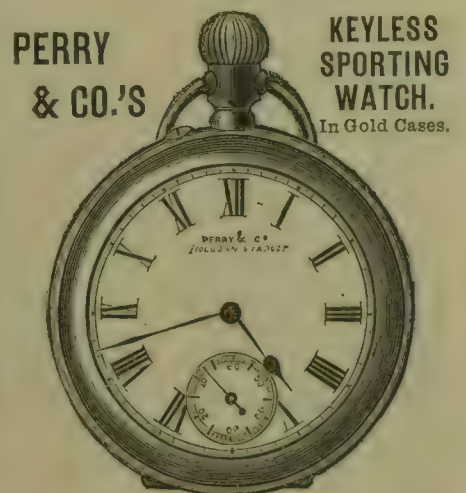
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Words by Charles Rowe.

Music by LOUIS DIEHL.

Good day, Sir! how are you, Sir?  
 Good morning, how d'ye do?  
 'Tis very kind, Sir! that you've a mind, Sir!  
 — To come so far to woo!  
 But then, you see, Sir! 'tis plain to me, Sir!  
 Pray don't say I'm too bold,  
 If I explain, Sir! don't come again, Sir!  
 For really you're too old.  
 Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay,"  
 Hearts can't be forced at will;  
 Never despair, there are plenty to spare,  
 For every Jack there's a Jill.

Good day, Sir! how are you, Sir?  
 Another come to woo.  
 I should much grieve, Sir! you to deceive, Sir!  
 But really you won't do!  
 You're middle age, Sir! and I'll engage, Sir!  
 You always want your way,  
 I can't agree, Sir! to wed with thee, Sir!  
 So fare you well, Good day!  
 Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

Good day, Sir! what did you say, Sir?  
 I sigh, dear heart for you.  
 You sigh for me, Sir! will I agree, Sir!  
 To heed your passion true?  
 'Tis sweetly sung, Sir! I am but young, Sir!  
 But since you press me so,  
 Though I should try, Sir! you to deny, Sir!  
 I find I can't say No.  
 Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

rice 2s. net.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham.

Music by A. H. BEIREND.

They tell me, dear, you are going  
 Far from the old country;  
 Into a wonderful new world,  
 A world across the sea;  
 But we in the old world homestead  
 Have lived the years away;  
 We could not begin again, dear,  
 'So 'tis better for us to stay!

You will have yours beside you.  
 We shall be lonely here.  
 It has never seemed like the old place  
 Since you were married, dear;  
 But so long as you are happy,  
 So long as your life is bright,  
 I can say, whatever happens,  
 'T will sure, in the end, be right!

And you'll think sometimes of old friends  
 In your new home o'er the sea;  
 While in every prayer we say, dear,  
 A thought of you will be.  
 For toil, and trouble, and parting,  
 Are the lot of our lives at best;  
 Heaven's the only world, dear,  
 Where there's a perfect rest!

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## TOIL AND REST.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham.

Music by ERNEST BIRCH.

Toil, in sweet gardens fair,  
 Far from the City's glare;  
 Toil, where life's thronging tide  
 Flows deep and wide;  
 Toil, where on harvest fields  
 Grain to the sickle yields;  
 Toil on, O world oppressed—  
 Night bringeth rest!  
 Wear thy yoke, endure thy lot,  
 Bear thy burden and do thy best;  
 None are by One on high forgot,  
 Cometh for all at nightfall, rest!

Toil on, O weary heart,  
 Play thine appointed part,  
 Fight the fight, don thy mask,  
 Fulfil thy task!  
 Till upon our fading sight,  
 Falls Heaven's Eternal night;  
 Then shall thy labour, blest,  
 Win thee thy rest!  
 Wear thy yoke, endure thy lot, &c.

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THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.—DRAWN BY H. CAFFIERI.



went to describe as "everybody"; a term which is seldom quite so comprehensive as the user would have it understood, but which in this case was, at least, tolerably wide. She met poets, statesmen, critics, doctors, lawyers—all of whom had achieved for themselves more or less of reputation. Her good looks were a sufficient passport to their attention; but she talked but little to them. Upon the whole, perhaps, their conversation disappointed her. She missed the enthusiasm of Matthew Meyrick, and the earnestness of Roger Leyden. They seemed wanting in originality, or perhaps had lost, in the grinding of the social mill, "the picturesque of man and man."

But she was entirely at her ease with them. Her paper in the *Millennium* was as completely forgotten as though it had never been written; no one wonders to see a pretty girl at any table, whether there is anything in her or not. Miss Argand, though stiff in her manner, was always polite. Lizzie did not "get on" with her, but there was nothing to find fault with in her as a hostess; she was what very few people were with whom she came into anything like close contact—an enigma to her. What also puzzled her, with respect to this lady, was the silence which Aunt Jane maintained about her. It was probable, Lizzie thought, that she disliked her, but, from her disinclination to make mischief, preferred to keep her thoughts to herself. Nor was Mr. Argand himself quite so intelligible to her as on first acquaintance she had thought him to be. His kindness to her was unremitting, and was exhibited to her in a thousand ways; but there was something of reserve in his manner for which she could not account. He had also moods of depression, which she had her suspicion were connected with business affairs; but, on the other hand, he always spoke of the *Millennium* as a financial success. "It has got a firm hold of the public mind," he once said of it; "and with such a sheet-anchor one ought to ride out any ordinary gale."

She wondered what sort of a gale it was of whose rising he stood in fear; but the tone in which he had spoken of it did not encourage inquiry. To see Mr. Argand sad gave her great discomfort; but this did not often happen. She had plenty to do, and plenty to think about, and no apprehension for the future. She enjoyed, in short, that *summum bonum* of the diligent soul—work without worry. The time passed only too quickly. She discovered, for the first time, that life was full of happiness.

It was her practice to get up early, and work with her pen for an hour or two before breakfast; what she was doing, Aunt Jane never inquired into, but only devoutly hoped that it was not a new treatise on the works of Apollinaris. It was marvellous how Lizzie had managed to describe Casterton in so entertaining a manner; and perhaps she would be able to invest the Marylebone-road with a similar interest. Literature had a very limited horizon for Mrs. Richter, but she knew that her niece stood on a far higher standpoint, and must needs see much further. She had an immense admiration for her talents, without much confidence in the material results which were likely to flow from them, and this made her very reticent about her niece's literary work.

Lizzie's astonishment may be imagined, therefore, when one morning her aunt, who had been making the tea as usual while she herself was busy at her desk, suddenly inquired, in a tone of mingled interest and deprecation, "My dear child, who on earth is John Javelin?"

For the moment Lizzie thought that the remark was a personal one; indeed, it was as much through chance as through Mrs. Richter's native simplicity that up to that moment the widow had never associated her with that name. Miss Argand had taken it for granted that she knew her niece wrote under that pseudonym; and Lizzie, as we know, had purposely concealed the fact from her.

"John Javelin? He is a writer in the *Millennium*," replied Miss Dart, quietly. "What about him?"

"Well, there's a good deal about him: two columns in this newspaper about him. I hope it will not do the *Millennium* any harm; but Mr. Argand seems to have got hold of a very queer contributor."

"I have not seen the *Millennium* yet; it only comes out to-day; but I suppose it is sent to the newspapers in advance."

"Well, the *Times* has got it, at all events, and Mr. Javelin has 'got it,' too, in another sense. Oh, my dear Lizzie, how glad I am it is not you; not of course that you would ever dream of writing such an article, speaking evil of dignities, or, at all events, speaking of them in an irreverent way, and so audacious from beginning to end!"

"Dear me," observed Lizzie, with an irrepressible twinkle in her eyes, "how shocking!"

"Well, of course you feel bound to stick up for the *Millennium*; but you don't know. When you have read the review"—

"Read it out to me," put in Lizzie, smiling; "the tea is only just made; and you have excited my interest immensely."

"I wonder what poor Mr. Argand will say?"

"Is that how it begins?"

"My dear Lizzie, of course not. This is how it begins":—

"It is not our custom, as our readers are aware, to pass any opinion upon the quarterly reviews. From the nature of their publication, they are mostly stately commentaries on the past, and do not concern themselves, as it is our less agreeable task to do, with the topics of the day. Of late years, however, or, indeed, we may almost say of late months—so brief has been the existence of the periodical in question—there has appeared among this class of reviews a new candidate for public favour. It has appealed, not, as we understand, without success, to a larger audience, and has established no little reputation for originality of view. It has carefully abstained from siding with either this or that political party; and by its wit and wisdom has recommended itself to both. To-day, however, the *Millennium* has made a new departure, though in what direction it is somewhat difficult to say. Its independence, it must be admitted, though still without any taint of Radicalism as Radicalism is commonly understood, has taken the form of denunciation; it lays an indictment against authority itself, and arraigns our whole social morality at the bar of conscience. The matter seems deserving of some notice, not only from the status of the *Millennium* itself, but from the boldness and vigour of the article in question, which, under the somewhat ambitious title of 'The Public Good,' deals with the entire fabric of society. It is evident that the writer, who signs himself John Javelin, is not one of those who, while they are rarely so imprudent as to name a date, avow their belief in the 'Good Old Times'; yet he insists that there were days—

When none were for a party,  
But all were for the State;

or, at all events, when the public interest was held of more consequence, and the duties of citizenship were inculcated more generally, than at present.

"In these days," he says, 'our duty to the State is the very last thing which is considered, even by moderately poor folks. Men that would not wrong their neighbour of a shilling, have little scruple in making a false return of their income to the tax-gatherers. I have observed of late years that even those notifications in the newspapers from the Chancellor of the Exchequer concerning conscience money have dis-

appeared; the few people who had some lingering scruple in that way having apparently died out. Taxes of all kinds are looked upon in a totally different light from other debts, and the very last light in which they are viewed is that of debts of honour; to elude them is considered far from shameful, at worst as venial, at best as a clever stroke of business. This arises not so much from want of patriotism as from habit and example. For many generations the State has been looked upon as a milch cow by both political parties, the members of which have got all they could out of it for their families and supporters as a matter of course, without the idea ever crossing their minds that they were robbing the Commonwealth."

"There is also another reason for this general unscrupulousness. It is much more easy to do our duty to our neighbour than to society at large. A board, or company, is considered fair game for deception; gentlemen, and especially gentlewomen, will pay half fares for their children, when they travel by railway, long after they have passed the specified age. It does not strike them as a fraud, and even when discovered they are not overwhelmed with shame as they would be if caught cheating at cards. That "fortuitous combination of atoms," the Government, is regarded in the same way. When a man dies, his heirs underrate the value of his property to diminish the probate duty; and even in the hour of death he will not seldom make some adroit disposal of it so as to elude the public due. Surely these things ought not so to be." It was, indeed, concerning modern times that the poet wrote, 'The individual, withers, and the world is more and more,' but, as a matter of fact, the individual is very far from withering; while the world, as represented by his neighbours, grows of less and less account with him."

The writer admits, indeed, that public spirit is not dead, and pays due honour to those societies which have been formed to defend popular rights (as, for example, in respect to open spaces in the neighbourhood of our towns) from private encroachment, but maintains that the rights of property have become so sacred that the very *raison d'être* of property is lost sight of. He holds the law itself to be blameworthy in the matter, and points out how the private wrong is always dealt with in our courts more severely than the offence against the State.

"To rob a fine lady's jewel-drawer is a much more dangerous experiment than to break open a poor-box. The fact of the contents of the latter being for the poor—a common trust, which every citizen is capable of understanding—is never taken into account. To deface a statue in a private garden would be an offence punished at least as severely—probably more so—than the defilement of a public fountain out of what is strangely called "pure mischief," but which, in reality, arises from a hateful hostility to the general convenience." If the public good was the object of public interest that it ought to be, such offences would be treated with exceptional severity; but at present, not only is everybody's business nobody's business, but everybody's property is regarded with far less solicitude than if it belonged to the individual.

"The same neglect of the public good is manifest, even as regards personal security. That odious and noxious weed, the "Rough," is allowed to have his way with us in a manner unheard of save on the very outskirts of civilisation. It has been complained, by those who suffer from him, that the Law would put him down quickly enough if those who make the Law were in a position to feel his brutality; as matters are, thousands of helpless persons have a hard life made still less endurable for them by these brutal scoundrels. One who knows life well has written of the Rough that "his conscience is the cat-o'-nine-tails"; but our sentimentalists (who are well out of the reach of his fists) are ready to faint at the notion of administering the lash to him; they think it will "harden" his gentle nature. As it is manifest we cannot always keep our roughs locked up, I will suggest a method of getting rid of them, and, at the same time, of utilising those virtues which they are supposed by the sanguine to possess. On their second offence, let them be placed in a regiment composed entirely of the same class, and officered by persons who are accustomed to deal with it. Whenever we are at war—as we almost always are with some "most favoured nation" or another—let that regiment be first on the rota for foreign service. The superfluous physical energies, which are at present occupied in beating women and children, or inoffensive passers-by, will then be worthily employed; these gentry, who have been termed "soldiers in the wrong place," will then be in the right place, and have the opportunity afforded them of distinguishing themselves; they will literally have left their country "for their country's good"—a phrase which for years has been only used with reference to transportation, and has now no signification at all."

"It is not only the law itself, however, but the administrators of the law, whom (with exceptions, however) the writer in the *Millennium* charges with being the cause of this state of affairs:—

"It would seem, indeed, from the sentences of most of our Criminal Judges that the very last thing they have in their mind is the public good. It is probable that the upper classes are not aware of the widespread prevalence of cruelty and brutality in England at the present day. I notice that such cases are commonly excluded from the daily papers—on the ground, I suppose, of their being too painful in their details. It has been written, however, by a good and wise woman that "we can surely bear to read about what other people have to endure"; and, at the risk of a little shuddering, I think it would be well if some of our kid-gloved gentry would buy some weekly paper for a penny next week, and cast their eye over the narratives—for they are sure to be there—of cruelty and wrong inflicted upon women and children, and other helpless persons, with the punishments, or rather the encouragements, awarded to the perpetrators. One English Judge, indeed, who knew the subject on which he was writing, has given his opinion of these wretches, and how they should be dealt with. "They are not men at all," he says, "in any moral sense: they are human tigers, and ought to be extirpated like the wild beasts they are." The punishment of death awarded to murderers may often be too severe: a murder may be committed in an uncontrollable fit of passion, and under great provocation. But there are criminals infinitely more dangerous to the public good than your mere murderer, and who should be punished at least as severely, but who, under present circumstances, receive terms of imprisonment, often infamously short, from which they emerge to make life intolerable to all who are in their power. It is admitted by the professors of every creed that to decrease the sum of human misery should be the aim of all men; whereas these creatures deliberately set themselves to work to increase it; while Justice looks on with folded hands, and milk-and-water Humanitarianism, under the alias of Philanthropy, pleads not for the victim, but for the tyrant."

"Indeed," this writer goes on to say, 'what class of our fellow-countrymen are taught their duties to the State as a commonwealth? In those exclusive seminaries of learning where that mysterious and expensive article "the tone" is supposed to be obtained, there is, indeed, some occasional reference in the educational course to the public good—but it is always in a dead language; and my experience is

that dead languages do not, upon the average mind, create much impression. And yet it might be thought that in schools frequented by the flower of British youth, who in manhood need not occupy themselves as others have to do in getting the means of livelihood, the science of the public good should be particularly studied. As for the other places where youths are educated, I do not know that our duty to the community in which we live is so much as hinted at in any of them; and yet, alas! it does not come, by nature. It has been said by a bitter enemy of popular education that we now "teach everything except the Bible"; this is, probably, an exaggeration; but cannot a superfluous "ology" be dropped, and in its place an occasional lesson taught concerning the duties of citizenship? In the next generation, then, it may perhaps be held that to cheat the State is as bad as to cheat one's neighbour; that will be, at least, a step in the right direction, though far indeed from the true faith once prevalent, now all but dead, that the highest good is the public good."

"These are stirring words; and we are far from saying that they are wholly uncalled for. It is a pity, however, that the writer sometimes allows his zeal, which is considerable, to outrun his discretion. The following, for example, strikes us, to say the least of it, as audacious:—

"To judge by the way in which it is commonly spoken of, our very form of government would seem to have become of more consequence than the Commonwealth itself, for which governments exist at all. An English Admiral, engaged on what was then a national duty—fighting the Dutch—was informed, while at sea, that his country had changed its form of government, and was asked what he proposed to do. "Do?" he answered, "I shall do my duty to my country." He was the last man, however, of the grand old times. Everybody who was killed in battle in later days was described as having died for his "King and Country." Our Government being Constitutional, he should more accurately have been said to have died for "Kings, Lords, Commons, and Country"; and even then the phrase would be open to the objection of putting three carts before the horse. Most people are agreed that Monarchy is the best form of government; still, man was not made for Monarchy, but the reverse. "Pro patria" is a motto now only used by coach-builders; but there was surely more sense in it than in that which has been substituted for it. One can hardly imagine, for example, a man, however reckless of existence, dying for George the Fourth."

"There are many things true, some things new, and much that is good in 'The Public Good,' but there is also a certain fanaticism—the indignation, rather than the enthusiasm of conviction—which offends those who are accustomed to weigh their words. There is nothing personal in the paper, yet somehow it suggests much of the writer's vehemence springs from an individual wrong, which may even be his own. His denunciations have almost as much bitterness as strength in them; and without, as we have said, being Radical, the article is intensely Democratic. In this last respect we cannot congratulate the *Millennium* on its contributor; its line has been hitherto one of strict impartiality, from which we are sorry to see it diverge. On the other hand, it has brought to light a new ornament to literature, and yet not altogether new. The most remarkable feature in the matter is, indeed, that a paper like 'The Public Good' should have proceeded from the same hand (unknown, as far as we are aware, to fame) which gave us that exquisite picture of country life, 'A Bit of Old England.'"

"Goodness gracious me, what a dreadful mistake!" cried Mrs. Richter, shrinking from the words she had just uttered, like Fear, in Collin's "Ode," from the noise itself had made. "The idea of mixing you up with that audacious Mr. Javelin! What on earth is to be done?"

"We must bring an action for libel, I suppose," said Lizzie, quietly. "I must talk to Mr. Argand about it."

Here the door was opened by the maid, and her voice, in the accents of Cockaigne, announced Mr. Argand himself.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A HALF CONFIDENCE.

"You have read the *Times*, I see," said Mr. Argand, smiling, as he shook hands with Mrs. Richter.

"Yes, indeed, we have," returned that lady, looking unutterable things.

"There is an article upon 'The Public Good' in all the other papers," said the editor, complacently.

"Let us hope they have not fallen into the same mistake; I call it most abominable, don't you, Mr. Argand, that anyone should confuse Lizzie with that dreadful Mr. Javelin?"

"Dear me, I had quite forgotten!" cried Mr. Argand, looking at Miss Dart, with an air of ludicrous penitence. In his pleasure and excitement it had, in fact, escaped him that she had kept her identity with John Javelin from her aunt's knowledge.

"Forgotten it!" exclaimed Mrs. Richter. "What, already? I am sure I shall never forget it. It is enough to make my poor Frederic, who was always devoted to the dear child, turn in his grave. The idea of her being 'intensely democratic!'"

"That is only a conventional phrase of disapprobation," murmured Mr. Argand. "One must say something depreciatory in a review."

"Well, of course you ought to know," said Mrs. Richter, naively; "but I should be sorry indeed to see such remarks applied to anything that my niece wrote."

"My dear," said Lizzie, putting her arm round her aunt's little waist, and speaking very softly, "I have a confession to make. When I first spoke to you about the *Millennium*, I saw that you did not like my being the only female contributor it had, and felt that you would still less approve of my masquerading in it in male attire; but the mischief—if mischief it was—had been already done. I could not screw up my courage to tell you I had adopted the signature of 'John Javelin.'"

"Mercy me!" This was the strongest form of ejaculation in Aunt Jane's vocabulary.

"I am very sorry to have deceived you, but I did it for the best."

"I am sure you did," answered the little lady, gently; there was a pained expression in her kind face which found its way to her niece's heart, and the other perceived it and regretted it, like one who finds an arrow from her own bow in the heart of a friend. "But, my darling, it does not signify," she added, with inexpressible tenderness. "I am a foolish old woman, who, as you rightly concluded, should not be entrusted with state secrets."

"It wasn't that," said Lizzie, earnestly; "I only wished to save you pain."

"I know it, my dear"; and she cast a glance at the newspaper, which she still held in her hand, as much as to say, "It is not you who have pained me, but this abominable print."

Mr. Argand saw his opportunity, and seized the skirts of happy Chance. "My dear Mrs. Richter," he interposed, "is it possible you have not read 'The Public Good'? I should have thought you were the very last person to condemn a



fellow-creature without trial. Here is a copy of the *Millennium* which contains this terrible paper; please take it, and judge for yourself."

She held her hand out with a gratified look, and left the room without a word.

"How very, very sorry I am!" exclaimed Miss Dart, regretfully. "I am afraid she is wounded by my want of confidence in her."

"Not so," said Mr. Argand, confidently. "She is only distressed at having expressed herself unfavourably of your production. She will come back as great an admirer of John Javelin as of yourself; and in so doing, my dear Miss Dart, she will show her judgment. I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the reception of your paper. It almost reconciles me with the critics. I have never known an article in a quarterly attract so much attention. Moreover—and this I know will gratify you more than anything else—I am convinced it will do great good."

"I hope it will do some good to the *Millennium*, at all events," said Lizzie, deprecatingly.

"It will do it an immense deal of good. But I am not always thinking of the *Millennium*, I do assure you. You have already made two sensations; do you know that in our literary weights and measures three sensations make a reputation?"

"You are always so kind and encouraging, Mr. Argand." "To be encouraging is a natural branch of my business," he replied; "though I seldom find such modest depreciation as in your case. Authors nowadays generally know their own value. Indeed, they are apt to value their productions at a fancy price."

"That is the effect of imagination; you see, I am not a writer of fiction."

"No; I wish you were. What you told me about yourself with respect to that matter was a disappointment to me. Now, if you could only have written novels!"

"Well, what then? You don't publish novels in the *Millennium*?"

"I wish, my dear young lady, you would not fall into that habit of supposing that I am always thinking of my—well, of myself—for that is what it comes to."

"I should be most ungrateful if I thought anything of the kind," she answered, earnestly. "There is, however, surely no harm in your love for your own child, as Miss Argand calls it."

"You must not believe everything my sister says about me," he answered, slowly walking up and down the room. "She is an excellent woman, and is, I am well aware, devoted to me and my interests; but she does not entirely understand me. I am not the literary machine which she would lead you to imagine. I have really some human feelings." He spoke in a tone of annoyance, which she had never before heard him use, and which surprised her very much.

"It is difficult to make ourselves understood, even by our nearest and dearest," she replied. "I have the same difficulty, in my little way, with Aunt Jane."

"Has my sister ever spoken to you confidentially about my affairs?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly not. It was not a thing to be expected, in any case."

"Why do you say, in any case?" he put in, sharply. "Do you mean that she is not confidential to you at all?"

"Well, she naturally prefers to make Aunt Jane, who is more of the same age, rather than myself, her confidante."

"Then you hear everything all the same, though you hear it at second hand?" he said, stopping in his walk and regarding her with keen attention.

"It is true that Aunt Jane and I have no secrets from each other, except this one," she answered, lightly, pointing to the newspaper, with its review; "but I do assure you, Miss Argand was very discreet. She has disclosed no secrets of the prison-house, in connection with profits or circulation."

"There, again!" he cried, with irritation: "why do you always associate me with my review—as if I were a man made of proof-sheets, instead of flesh and blood?"

"Nay; were you not yourself speaking of your own 'affairs,' which it was reasonable for me to identify with those of the *Millennium*?"

He glanced at her with suspicion, which, even while he looked, seemed to fade away and give place to his usual frankness of expression.

"That is very true," he said; "and, after all, it is only natural that Joanna should gossip about it. I hope she told you, or rather your aunt, that the Review is doing very well, and especially that we have sold more of the number that had your article in it than of any other."

"She did not do so; but I am delighted to hear it. I can fancy few things more satisfactory than the continuous success of a literary organ of one's own creation."

"It is very pleasant, no doubt; and certainly I have nothing to complain of with respect to the *Millennium*. Success, however, is a relative term; and it is impossible, with our material, to appeal to any very extensive public."

"You mean, of course, that it flies over the heads of the million. To me, indeed, who have only lately known the million, it seems a marvel that you succeed as you do."

"Well, since what readers we have are for the most part well-to-do people, advertisers are glad to patronise us, you see; and advertisements are the life-blood of a periodical. Nevertheless, what I desire above all things is a great circulation. A first-rate and original novel might possibly obtain it."

"I cannot imagine how people can like to read novels bit by bit."

"That is what everybody says, yet no magazine can command a large circle of subscribers without a serial novel; even the newspapers are adopting the same means of attracting their readers. The appetite for fiction is enormous, and grows by what it feeds on. Unhappily, good fiction is as rare as ever, but that is the filip I want for the *Millennium*."

"It appears to me, Mr. Argand," said Miss Dart, smiling, "that, if not ungrateful, you are at least a little unreasonable in your expectations. If the *Millennium* were struggling for existence the case would be different; as it is, you remind me of the dinner guest in *Punch*, who tells his hostess that, though not hungry, he is happy to say he is greedy."

"A very just rebuke," he observed, gravely, "but, unhappily, one that comes too late."

"How so?"

"Well, one's habits get ingrained, you see," he answered; "I am ambitious. Through ambition *Cæsar* fell."

"He didn't want to get into Parliament, however," said Miss Dart, slyly.

"Ah, it was foolish of me to let you into that secret," he said, smiling. "I feel it has given you a low opinion of me."

"Nothing could ever give me that, Mr. Argand," she answered, confidently.

His face for an instant glowed with pleasure; then clouded over with an intense sadness.

"The good opinion of those we respect is welcome to us," he said, "even when it is undeserved. I shall never betray any of my weaknesses to you again, but leave you to find them out for yourself."

"Then you will be safe, for I shall never look for them."

"There are others, however, who will point them out to you."

"I shall not believe them."

"Then you will be wrong," he answered, vehemently. "You cannot imagine how very weak I have been, Miss Dart."

Again he took to pacing up and down the room, then suddenly stopped and, looking steadfastly in her face, inquired,

"What is your opinion of a gambler?"

"Gambling is a matter of which I have no knowledge," she answered, quietly.

"It is hardly likely that that circumstance should prevent your condemnation of it," he put in, bitterly. "The most violent anti-tobaccoite is the man who has never smoked; as the severest critic is the gentleman most ignorant of letters."

"Perhaps I am allowing you to give me credit for charity where it is not deserved," she replied, frankly. "I have 'no information,' as 'Bradshaw' says, of the motives that lead to this practice; but my impression is that there are three kinds of gamblers: some actuated by greed; some who have a natural passion for excitement; and others, again, who are gamblers, if I may so express it, by circumstance, who, making haste to become rich for a particular purpose, take the shortest, and find it the longest, way round. These last may be taught by experience; the others, never. That, at least, is my poor opinion."

"It is not the general view," said Mr. Argand; "but it is only like you to see the door of a *locus penitentiae* which has escaped the eyes of others—Here comes your aunt. Well, my dear Mrs. Richter, have you read the paper?"

"Don't speak of the paper, Sir. I don't think I shall ever read a paper again: so unkind as it is, and so unfair!"

"I meant the article in the *Millennium*," interrupted Mr. Argand, smiling—"your niece's article."

"Oh, yes; I have read that, indeed, from first to last. It is simply beautiful! My dear Lizzie, how could such wonderful ideas ever get into your head? And how true it all is, especially about those adulterating shops, for as for cayenne pepper, there is not such a thing to be got, I do believe, within a mile of us. What can it be that makes people so wicked, Mr. Argand?"

"Perhaps it's the new red-brick houses which offer too great a temptation to the Italian warehousemen," he answered, slyly.

"You think it's that, do you? Well, I am glad there is some excuse for them. I am sure, dear, this article is likely to do so much good. It's almost like a sermon, is it not, Mr. Argand?"

As it was evident that Mrs. Richter intended by this parallel to convey a compliment to his contributor of a high kind, the editor replied "Yes, indeed," though without effusion.

"I am quite sure dear Frederic would have approved of it immensely," continued Aunt Jane: "there is much true religious feeling in it, though without dogmatism."

Mr. Argand smiled, and rose to take his leave: matters which had looked at first a little awkward had evidently turned out in the most satisfactory manner. From the moment that Mrs. Richter understood that her niece had written "The Public Good," her mind had become open to conviction, and it would now have been difficult to find a more thick-and-thin admirer of its excellences—a state of things which is not unexampled (though relationship, indeed, has nothing to do with it) in the very highest regions of Art and Literature. Lizzie, too, was well pleased to find the effects of the shock which she had unwittingly given Aunt Jane had passed off so quietly. But no sooner does one source of anxiety vanish in the human breast than another succeeds it; her mind was now full of trouble upon Mr. Argand's account; it seemed to her that he had been on the point of telling her of some catastrophe which had happened to his own affairs. "What is your opinion of a gambler?" he had asked her, with a bitter self-reproach in his tone that had showed its personal application. She would never have suspected him of such a weakness, or believed in its existence, save for the testimony of his own lips; but what surprised her, more even than the fact, was his voluntary confession of it. Not only had he never spoken to her of his private affairs before, but on this very occasion had seemed to express some apprehension of his sister's having done so. Why, then, had he himself done the very thing to which he objected in another?

Here came the postman's knock, which always awakened anxiety in Lizzie's bosom for news from Burrow Hall, where Mrs. Melburn, it was only too certain, was now drawing near her end.

He only brought a letter for her, however, from Mr. Argand himself—a mere official note from the *Millennium* office, inclosing a cheque for fifty pounds.

For a moment she had a mind to send it back, an impulse which, on reflection, she repented of with a hot blush; and, indeed, it would have been an impertinence that Mr. Argand would not easily have forgiven.

The *Millennium*, it was certain, was prosperous enough; and whatever was amiss with the fortunes of its proprietor lay altogether outside of it.

(To be continued.)

#### ELEGY IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD.

A worthy survivor of the last generation of English literary men, the veteran poet and critic, Mr. J. A. Heraud, now in his eighty-seventh year, has produced what may be the "Last Fruit of an Old Tree," though we hope he will sit under its peaceful shade a few years longer. His daughter, Miss Edith Heraud, who has achieved considerable reputation as an actress and as a writer, is responsible for this modest little publication, issued as a shilling pamphlet by Mr. D. S. Stacy, of Upper-street, Islington. The poem, entitled "The Sibyl Among the Tombs," was suggested the other day by her accidental conversation with an unknown woman, evidently a person of ardent piety and of strong mental originality, sitting in the garden-churchyard at Islington; and Mr. Heraud, as those who know his truly religious spirit and his prevailing strain of thought might expect, has made this "pastoral elegy," written in the metre of Gray's "Elegy," a song of pure Christian faith, hope, and love, sweetly triumphing over the sadness of the grave, the decay of limited natural existence, the troubles, disappointments, and perplexing doubts of each passing age in the successive procession of mankind. As poetry, if the reader could feel disposed to be critical, this piece of thirty-four verses has considerable merit, but it has rather the tone of rational and spiritual prophecy; and without further comment the following stanzas may here be quoted:—

To-day is good, what yesterday was ill;

Only apparent either, both unreal;

One Power alone creative, one His Will,

Alike at once the True and the Ideal.

Kingdom of Love, for He is Love who reigns,

The Perfect Love, that hath no fear, no end;

The First, the Last, that all the world sustains,

And ill and good continues to transcend.

Death seems indeed a shadow of the worst,

But proves the best of blessings in the end;

Eternal Life returns as at the first,

And finds in God the Father and the Friend.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 5, 1885) of Mr. William Henry Dobie, formerly merchant in Glasgow, afterwards of Gart Ferry, Ayr, and late of No. 4, Fountainhall-road, Edinburgh, who died on Feb. 5 last, granted to William Henry Dobie, the son, the accepting executor nominate, was resealed in London on the 6th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £340,000.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1883), with four codicils (dated July 26, 1884, and May 13, July 28, and Aug. 28, 1885), of the Rev. Charles Almerie Belli, Precentor or Chief Chaunter of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Vicar of South Weald, Essex, who died on Jan. 6 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Edward Howley Palmer, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £233,000. The testator directs his executor to apply, out of such part of his personal estate as may by law be applied for the purpose, such part as may be necessary for the completion of the unfinished portion of Brentwood church and the erection of a spire; and he bequeaths £7000, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £100 to Marie Harriet Guastella, for life, and, subject thereto, for Frank Willan; £5000 to his nephew, Colonel Francis Belli Bivar; and legacies to his executor, and to his housekeeper and other servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces, the children of his deceased brother and sisters, William Hallows Belli, Elizabeth Palmer, and Paulina, Lady Carrington, and to his great-nephews, Francis O'Shaughnessy Belli Reade and John Horsley Palmer, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 22, 1860), with two codicils (dated June 22, 1860, and July 7, 1882), of Mr. William Stedman Gillett, late of Harefield, Stoneham, in the county of Southampton, who died on Jan. 22 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by William Arthur Gillett and George Edward Gillett, the sons, and Mrs. Mary Hodgson Trotter, the daughter, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £152,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1882) of Mrs. Fleminia Adelaide Rücker, late of West-hill, Wandsworth, who died on Jan. 8 last, has been proved by Herman Rücker and James Morris Rücker, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testatrix leaves her furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects for the use and enjoyment of her unmarried daughters; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her children—Lucy Adelaide, Harriet, Emily Georgiana, Madelena, James Morris, and Henry William.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1884) of Mr. William Wilde, late of No. 40, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris, who died on Feb. 7 last, at Monte Carlo, has been proved in London by Thomas Wilde, the brother, and Mrs. Fanny Wilde, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator bequeaths 500 guineas to his said brother; and his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, and effects to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and then for his daughter, Edith.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1879) of Mrs. Frances Acton, late of No. 106, Elgin-crescent, Notting-hill, who died on March 9 last, has been proved by George Acton Davies, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, Queen Victoria-street, and the London Missionary Society, Blomfield-street; £100 each to the National Benevolent Institution, Southampton-row; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney; and the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, Snaresbrook; and legacies to sisters-in-law, nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her nephew, the said George Acton Davies.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1880), with two codicils (dated July 5, 1882, and May 25, 1883), of Sir Edward Blackett, Bart., J.P., D.L., late of Matfen Hall, Northumberland, who died on Nov. 23 last, was proved on March 29, by Sir Edward William Blackett, Bart., the son, and Major-General John Edward Ruck Keene, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator devises the Matfen and Fenwick estates in the county of Northumberland, and all his manors, lordships, hereditaments, and real estate, charged with the sum of £40,000 in favour of his younger children other than his son Charles Francis, to the use of his son Edward William, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son successively, according to seniority in tail. The furniture, plate, pictures, books, goods, and effects at his mansion house, Matfen Hall, are made heirlooms to go therewith. He provides that the Sockburn estate, in the counties of York and Durham, of which he was tenant in tail under the will of his father, shall be settled on his son Charles Francis. There are legacies to his wife, to his daughter, Frances, and to his executors and land agent; and the residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his said son Edward William.

The will of François Marie Arthur, Marquis de Scepeaux Vieilleville, late of No. 38, Avenue Gabriel, Paris, who died on Aug. 29 last, was proved in London on March 26 by Madame Marie Sidonie Loide Dujouchery, the sister, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths 200,000 francs each to his nephew, Gabriel Dujouchery, and to his niece, the Marchioness Marche Maille de la Tourlaudy; 50,000 francs to André Marie François de la Tourlaudy; and other legacies. Subject to the payment of the legacies, he appoints his said sister his universal heiress.

The will (dated May 5, 1875), with a codicil (dated May 31, 1883), of Mrs. Mahala Reilly, late of No. 13, Castleman Villas, Barnes, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 17th ult. by John Cockerton, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the said John Cockerton, and other legacies. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she gives one third each to her nephew, John Dolland Cockerton, and her niece, Mrs. Emily Penn Swann; and one third to the children of her late nephew, Vernon Charles Joseph Cockerton.

The annual ball in aid of the funds of the Italian Operatives' Society and the Italian Benevolent Society was held at the Holborn Townhall on Tuesday last.—Earl Beauchamp has consented to preside at the forthcoming anniversary festival of the Printers' Corporation.

Lord Sudeley has remitted to the tenants upon his Montgomeryshire estate 20 per cent of their rents. The labourers and workmen upon the estate, who lately petitioned for sufficient allotments of land for the keep of a cow, have just had their request practically acceded to, and have been busy dressing the land. Great interest is being taken in the district at the success of this experiment of small holdings.





1. Landing the troops from a gun-boat in Roundstone Bay.

2. Driving on carts to the estate where the tenants are to be evicted.

3. Surgeon of the force examining the sick wife of a tenant.

4. Troops jumping over a stream on their march.

5. Clearing out a tenant's furniture.

6. The sheriff giving possession to the bailiff, handing him a wisp of straw from the thatched roof.

9. Straw hut on the mountain side, the only shelter after eviction.

ON EVICTION DUTY IN IRELAND: SKETCHES IN GALWAY WITH THE MILITARY AND POLICE FORCES.



## ON EVICTION DUTY IN IRELAND.

"Anybody who looks at the map of Galway," says Mr. James Tuke, in his Report of a Visit to Donegal and Connaught in 1880, "will be struck with the numberless small lakes and inlets of the sea, which seem, in the district south-east of Clifden, to have almost as large an area as the land. I drove over a very wild, stony, desolate region, covered for many miles with boulders and large granite slabs and stones along the shores of little bays, and near which were scattered many villages and houses scarcely discernible at times from the huge rocks against which they are sheltered. It seems incredible that any sustenance can be gained at all amidst this wilderness of rock, rivalling Petra in its barrenness, and which, at any rate, would seem only to afford food for goats; and yet here, in some places, a large population exists. Not less remarkable is the price which they pay for their miserable holdings. Around Errismore, we went into many cottages: they were extremely poor. Some families had a little store of potatoes, and others none; in one house—where there was a very good-looking woman, in ill-health, and a handsome, merry daughter—they were just pulling out their hidden store of potatoes. They had not tasted a potato for months, and these the woman had been saving, as she thought 'the great famine was coming again.' Thanks to the meal given away, this had been averted. On one estate we found that the rents, which previously seemed high, had been raised 4s. in the pound about two years ago. Thus holdings which gave 1½ to 2½ acres of oats and about as much of potatoes, with a wild mountain run for a cow, calf, or pony, had been raised from £5 5s. to £6 6s. For the seaweed they had to pay 1s. per load for all above four little horse-loads. Some paid more rent, others less. When the kelp trade was good these people might earn sufficient to enable them to live, but it is impossible now that iodine is made more cheaply from Peruvian earth, which very much lessens the demand for kelp. At Roundstone, on the bay opposite the island of Inishnee, I met with a parish priest who has charge of some extremely isolated hamlets situated among the Connemara mountains; so remote that the relieving officer had never heard of the place, and the people there were equally innocent of the existence of the Union-house, or of the Board of Guardians! Mr. H. A. Robinson, the Local Government Inspector, visited them some weeks ago, and found them very much in want—a people who had nothing but four bare walls for their houses, and who lay down on straw or heather with the cattle in their hovels. Could the external conditions of human existence be much worse? These little mountain farmers usually had four or five cows or young beasts and twenty or thirty sheep each, and were paying £6 to £8 a year each for their holdings, with large wild mountain ranges for their cattle. After a journey of over twenty miles, we arrived at Rosmuck, on the shore of an inland bay, where a boat was manned to row us over the inlet to the little village of Camus. I wish I could produce that rocky coast and wild miserable village, or rather introduce it into England for a while, so that English people might realise how, in these remote places, so many thousands of people are living! Half a mile away, and I will venture to say no one would think it possible that any human being could live or even find foothold on this rock-strewn shore; but, by degrees, you see the little 'smokes' arising, and here and there little dark strips of land, which show the ground is being prepared for the potatoes they hope to obtain, for they have none left to plant. Then you see, peering above the rocks, little dark heads of men, women, and children, who, attracted by the unusual sight, come out of their cabins to reconnoitre. As you walk among them on landing, they watch you with curious eyes: they do not beg, and cannot answer your inquiries, for most do not understand, and few can talk, English. They are a race of wild people, poorly clad, and living with the cattle in their houses, often

lying on the damp ground on hay like them. No distribution of meal had taken place last week, and several families were sitting round small quantities of the smallest (old) potatoes I ever saw, and with nothing else to eat with them. In one house which I entered three children, under one covering, ill with fever, were lying on the ground; others also were ill. For these miserable places among the rocks they were each paying from £4 to £8 a year. This would seem incredible at any time. No wonder that none had paid their rent last year. I heard that the agent had talked about evicting them, but I think had deferred his intention."

It is somewhere in this forlorn region, described generally by Mr. Tuke, that the eviction scenes took place three years ago now delineated by our Artist, Mr. A. O'Kelly, who accompanied a detachment of the Royal Irish Constabulary, with the Sheriff of the county, upon their military-legal errand. The estate, which is one of the largest in Galway, was the property of a non-resident gentleman, who had purchased it from the Law Life Assurance Society of London, the mortgagees from its original owner, one of an ancient Irish family. The gentleman in question, so far as Mr. Tuke could learn, had never done anything for his tenants. There were more than seventy families to be turned out, including at least two hundred persons. The armed Constabulary were supported by a company of the "York and Lancaster" Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at Galway. These soldiers were brought from Galway in a gun-boat, and landed in Roundstone Bay. It was like a military invasion of the country; they were prepared for fighting; there was an army surgeon with them, and a box, with a red cross on it, containing bandages and medicine for the wounded. The Constabulary met them at an appointed rendezvous, with the Sheriff of the county, the Resident Magistrate from Clifden, and the Roundstone Inspector of Police. They started for the scene of action, the constables riding on open cars, the soldiers marching on foot. No resistance was offered; scarcely anywhere did people enough gather to be called a crowd. At most of the cottages or hovels, only the members of the squalid family to be driven out were found; if any were ill, or feigned illness, the army surgeon examined the state of the patient. Their few poor articles of furniture, or little stores, were carried out of doors; and the Sheriff, according to custom, plucked some straw from the thatched roof, and handed it to the landlord's bailiff in token of possession. The English soldiers, not being used to this kind of service, murmured among themselves, and one of them was heard to say, "Shame—it's a damned shame!" when a miserable family was expelled from the shelter of a hut, probably erected by the tenant's own hands. The officers could not help looking indignant, as well as compassionate; and we are informed that, in some instances, the soldiers have collected money among themselves for the relief of the destitute evicted families; and in one case the officers present subscribed the money to pay the rent and costs due from a poor old widow, and to reinstate her in the holding. If the men of the Irish Constabulary, who are more familiar with these scenes, did not in Galway betray so much feeling of sympathy, it is not that Irishmen wearing uniform are indifferent to the sufferings of the poor country folk. Our readers will have noticed, a fortnight ago, in Mr. Claude Byrne's Sketch of an eviction on Clare island, or somewhere in Mayo, one of the Constabulary sitting outside the cottage, tenderly nursing a child of the disconsolate family; and he tells us that the Mayo Constabulary subscribed a large fund to relieve the distress. Other particulars of recent date have been reported from different parts of the West of Ireland. The Chief Secretary, Mr. John Morley, lately incurred some political censure by saying, in the House of Commons, that the Government would exercise henceforth a certain discretion in ordering the military to assist at evictions, and would refuse to let them serve upon occasions where the legal process was enforced in a manner contrary to equity and to public policy. This is no more than the rule laid down nearly

fifty years ago by Mr. Thomas Drummond, then Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle, with regard to the exaction of tithes. The employment of British soldiery for such purposes, would seem too like a practical illustration of the remark made by Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, in his speech introducing the Bill for the Government of Ireland: that "the law was executed in such a manner as to present a foreign garb and aspect"—indeed, the aspect of military conquest, and the garb of an invading army, literally driving the Irish from their homes.

Princess Christian will open the sixteenth Annual Sale of the Work of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances, at the Assembly Rooms, Eyre Arms, St. John's-wood, next Wednesday.

The Easter entertainments at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road, were very attractive. The science lectures at this hall begin next Tuesday, and the ballad concerts on Thursday next.

The Board of Trade have awarded their Bronze Humanity Medal to Mr. Richard Care, master of the steam-ship Triton, of Hartlepool; their Bronze Gallantry Medal to Mr. T. W. Rank, mate, and pecuniary rewards to four of the crew, for their services to the shipwrecked crew of the brig Cicero, of Hartlepool, on March 9, 1886. The master of the Triton having observed signals of distress from the Cicero, sent off a boat, manned by the mate and four seamen, to her assistance, which succeeded, at considerable risk, in consequence of the heavy sea running, in rescuing the whole of the crew.

Under the somewhat pretentious title of *Quest and Vision: Essays in Life and Literature* (Elliot Stock), Mr. W. J. Dawson has brought together a number of articles on such well-worn topics as Shelley, Wordsworth, Longfellow, and George Eliot. The little volume has also two papers on "Religious Doubt and Modern Poetry" and the "Poetry of Despair." We have read Mr. Dawson's criticism with interest, even when we do not agree with it. The tone of it is healthy, and he puts his finger with unerring directness on some of the intellectual and moral weaknesses of the age. The estimate of Shelley is expressed with a force that may make some of the extravagant admirers of that poet's character wince, and there is good sense, if not novelty, in the comments on Wordsworth and Longfellow. The most thoughtful papers are those in which great moral questions are discussed in relation to art and poetry, and readers who have been lately following Mr. Hutton in his remarks on Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the *Contemporary Review*, will find much to interest them in what Mr. Dawson has to say on the same subject. The modern and godless notion that art must be followed for art's sake, without regard to morality, is another point on which, when writing of Mr. Swinburne, the critic touches with a firm hand. His remarks, too, are significant on the contrast between the humour of Dickens and that of George Eliot. In Dickens we catch the contagion of laughter from his own lips, but we feel that George Eliot "is not really laughing herself at all. She is thinking how sad a sight it is, to look upon people imprisoned in such small traditions and unable to perceive the larger life that throbs around them." In Mr. Dawson's style there is occasionally too much effort, but, on the whole, he writes impressively and clearly. We may remind him, by-the-way, that the well-known broomstick story was not due to any saying of Dr. Johnson respecting Goldsmith, but originated with Hester Johnson, better known as "Stella," who when someone said that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman since she could inspire Swift to write so finely upon her, replied that she thought that point not quite so clear, for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick. And has Mr. Dawson forgotten Fouqué's exquisite romance of "Undine" when he writes that the conception of a being without a soul might be so treated as perhaps to make it one of the most fascinating of literary studies?

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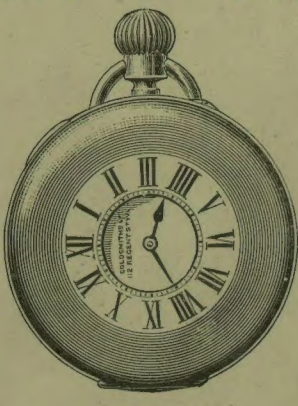
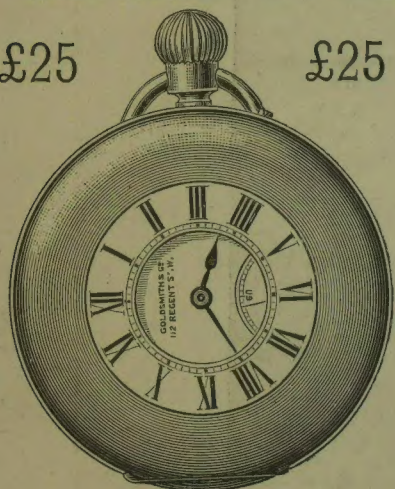
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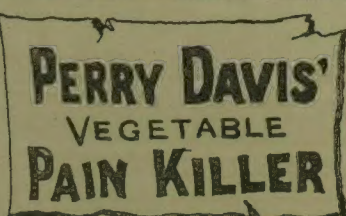
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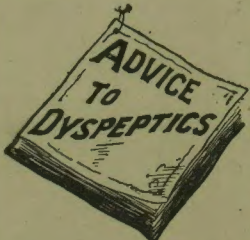
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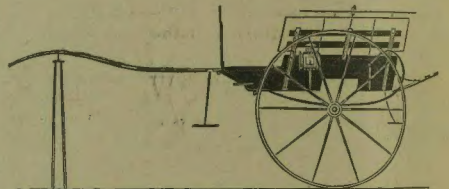


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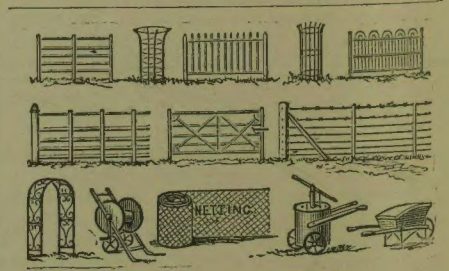
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